THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 14, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE SENATE—By Albert J. Beveridge

Send for Free Book on Household Health

Sy-CLO

TRADE MARK

The first step toward a proper understanding of the sanitation of the home is to get the book on "Household Health." It is sent free on application. It explains the perfect principle of the wonderful SY-CLO Closet and shows why it is the safe closet. It tells how to detect the unsanitary closet — how to protect the health of the home.

The SY-CLO Closet has a double cleansing action. A copious flush of water from above starts an irresistible syphonic action from below. The downward rush of the water through the pipes creates a vacuum — a powerful pump-like *pull* which instantly empties the bowl of *all* its contents instead of merely diluting as does the ordinary closet.

Being formed of a single piece of solid white **china**, the SY-CLO Closet is without crack, joint or seam for the lodgement of impurity. Nothing can adhere or be absorbed.

By an unusually deep water seal between the closet bowl and the sewer connection making the escape of sewer gas into the home impossible, the SY-CLO Closet gives adequate health protection against the dangers from without.

SY-CLO Closets are heavily constructed and have unusual strength. With ordinary care, they will outlast the building, — a perpetual safeguard of health.

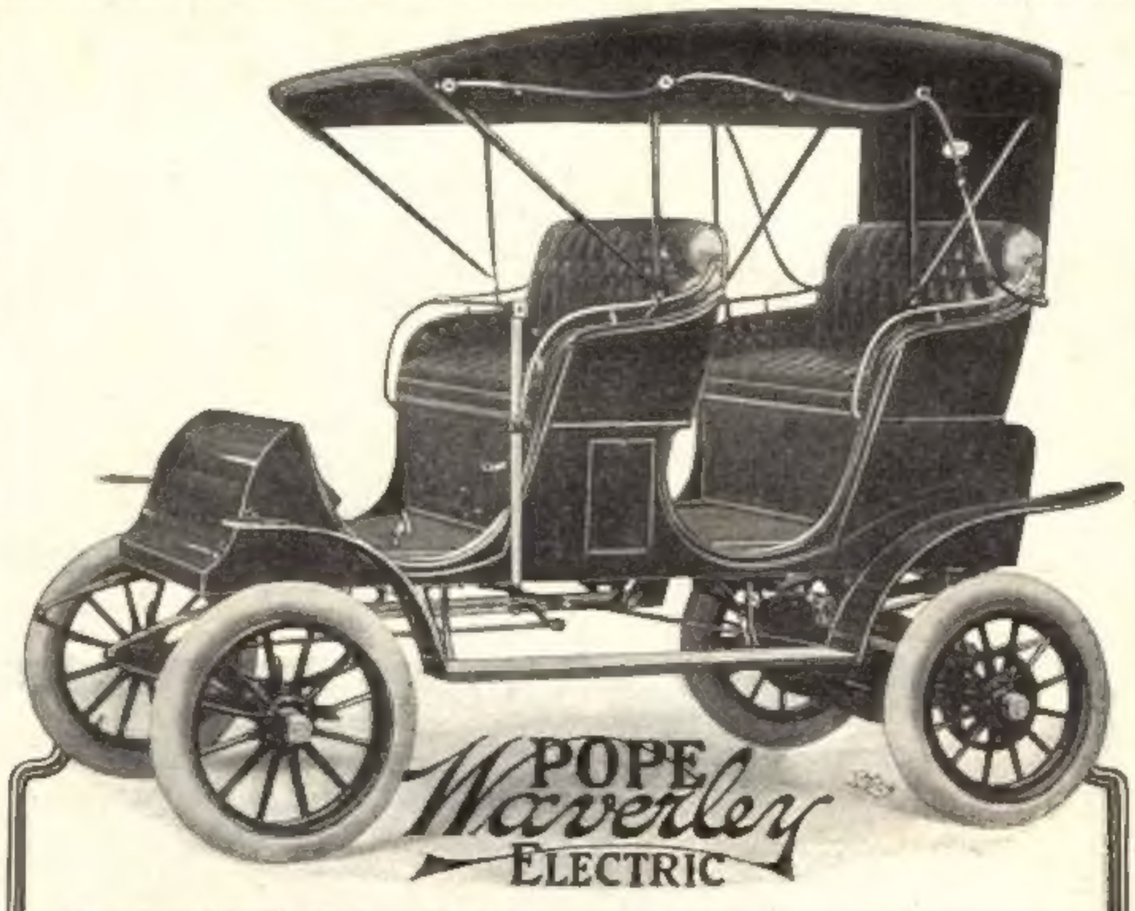
SY-CLO stamped on a closet, no matter what other mark is on it, signifies that it is constructed of the best material, with the aid of the best engineering skill, under the direction of the Potteries Selling Co., and that eighteen of the leading potteries of the United States have agreed to maintain its standard of excellence.

If your home contains a closet of imperfect construction, improper material, or one subject to rust, corrosion, or under surface discoloration, such as porcelain enameled iron, you may be unknowingly exposed to a dangerous source of disease. If you have such a closet, self-defence demands that you replace it with the closet bearing the trade mark name of SY-CLO, the seal of safety, the safeguard of health.

A book on "Household Health" mailed free if you mention the name of your plumber.

Lavatories of every size and design made of the same material as SY-CLO Closets.

POTTERIES SELLING CO., Trenton, N. J.



POPE Waverley ELECTRIC

Model 60-B, Price $1,700 with Extension Leather Top

This family carriage is very popular for Summer use. If your order is placed promptly, we can deliver at once. The deep seats; accessible front; long wheel base; and heavy motor of new design, make this the wagon for family purposes. We can furnish this car without top for $1,600; Canopy top $1,675. Dash is fitted with Pope-Waverley concealed front boot.

Be sure the name "POPE" is on your automobile

POPE Waverley ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILES

Send for catalogue of Runabouts, Stanhopes, Chelseas, Coupes, Physicians' Road, Station and Delivery Wagons. Trucks on specifications.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO.

Waverley Dept. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BOSTON, 213 Columbus Ave. WASHINGTON, 819-14th St., N. W.
NEW YORK, 1733 Broadway.

POPE Waverley ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILES

5 10 15

How Far Can You Read This?

Hold it away from you and see. It's the scale of the **Warner Auto-Meter** actual size. It says your Automobile is traveling 8 miles an hour. It is just as steady on your car as it is in your hand—for the scale of

Accurate at all speeds

The Auto-Meter

Goes on the Dash Board

Reads from the SEAT

is not influenced by the jar of the car—speed alone moves it. It doesn't bob around, the way other indicators do, until you are not certain whether it says 5 miles or 15.

Let us tell you more about this wonderful instrument—how it's made with sapphire jewels like a watch, yet is so strongly built that it takes an axe or a bad collision to break it or render it inaccurate, and how we use *magnetism* in the only practical way, which makes **The Auto-Meter** as reliable as a mariner's compass forever. When you write we'll send you also a trouble-saving 50 cent book, **Auto Pointers**—invaluable to a man who drives his own car.

Warner Instrument Co., 238 Roosevelt St., Beloit, Wis.

The Auto-Meter is sold by all Dealers and at the best Garages.

10 Days Free Trial

We ship on approval, without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

Do Not Buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our latest art catalogues illustrating and describing every kind of bicycle, and have learned *our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.*

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free, postpaid, by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, Built-up-Wheels and all sundries at *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S-55, CHICAGO

REDUCED RATES on Household goods to or from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. Write

Bekins Household Shipping Co., 95 E Washington St., Chicago

The Touch Which Brightens All

As the ripple to the water, the sparkle to the diamond, the blush to the rose, the smile to the face, so are

NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

to the taste. Delicious dessert confections which lighten the banquet, enliven the luncheon, brighten the tea, and touch the daily meal with joyous zest.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

FESTINO—Another confection which conceals, in the guise of an almond, as entrancing a morsel as ever tickled the palate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Reach

Reach guarantee

We not only replace any Reach ball (costing $1 or more), mitt or glove (any price) that doesn't prove satisfactory, but do it without expense to you—we refund all mail or express charges you pay in returning the goods to us.

Every article with the **Reach trade-mark** is as good as gold.

Base-balls, 5c to $1.50
First Basemen's Mitts, $1 to $4
Fielders' Gloves, 25c to $3
Catchers' Mitts, 25c to $8
Fielders' Mitts, 25c to $3
Bats, 5c to $1.25

All Reach goods bear the **Reach trade-mark.** If you can't get them from your dealer, notify us.

Button-badge free. Write for catalogue and get free a fac-simile of the famous Reach ball.

A. J. Reach Co.,
1706 Tulip St., Phila.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief —For— **Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn,** and all afflictions of the skin.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

New Odell Typewriter
Improved $7.50 No. 5

In every way a practical typewriter for the small merchant or for personal correspondence. Sent express prepaid on receipt of $7.50 or sold on the installment plan for $8.25—$2.25 down, $1.00 a month thereafter.

Agents wanted. AMERICA CO., 967 A North St., Momence, Ill.

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Cornets, Trumpets, Clarionets, Violins, Mandolins, etc. Lyon & Healy's "Own Make" Instruments are the Standard of America. Write for Catalogue, *mailed free.* Gives lowest prices on 15,000 musical articles. Lyon & Healy Quality is far superior to Imitations. *Established 1864.* Instruments sent on Approval. Monthly Payments.

LYON & HEALY, 69 Adams Street, Chicago

World's Largest Music House. Write today.

Chicago Beach Hotel

(American and European Plan)

Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes

for Families, Tourists and Transient Guests. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure within ten minutes' ride of city. Has 450 large outside rooms, 225 private baths, every convenience. Table always the best. Address for Illus. Booklet,

Mgr., Box 93, CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL
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Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

The "Two Minute" Safety Razor

will convince any man, in just two minutes, that it is not only a safety razor, but has points of merit which make it

The Best Safety Razor

Try one and it will prove—

That the blade corners cannot *cut* and *slash* the face as they do on some other safety razors.

That the blades have an edge which far outlasts the edge on any other thin blade. They have the double bevel—like the barber's razor—that's the reason.

That the blade holder is as easily washed and wiped as a dinner plate.

That there are no parts to rust and that there are *not a lot of parts to take apart* and put back every time the razor is used.

The blades can be honed and stropped. But we sharpen dull blades for next to nothing, so no one need strop or hone unless he wants to. Liberal exchange offer on blades.

No Blade Corners to Cut You. "Opens like a Book. Washes like a Dinner Plate."

Razor Complete, With 24 Sharp Blades, in Handsome Leather Case, $5.00

Ask your dealer. If he can't or won't supply you, write us. Get our Free Booklet anyway.

United States Safety Razor Co., Shop Office No. 29, Adrian, Mich.

5% BY MAIL

Under our plan it is actually easier to deposit your savings by mail than to go to the bank in person. Our depositors are secured by resources of over

One Million Dollars

We court the most rigid investigation and will be pleased to have you send for our free booklet "J"—write for it today

OWENSBORO SAVINGS BANK & TRUST COMPANY.

JAS. H. FERNISH, PRES'T. OWENSBORO, KY.

5% 5%

Fat squabs—when you buy them ask for **PLYMOUTH ROCK** squabs, which are the **largest and best.** Breed squabs to make money. Raised in **four weeks,** sell for **$2.50** to **$6** doz. No mixing fool, no night labor, no young to attend. Work for women which pays. We were **first;** our famous **PLYMOUTH ROCK straight Big Homers,** our books and our breeding methods revolutionized the industry and have been widely copied.

During the past year our trade was the largest since beginning; for **1906** our Homers will be better than we ever sold. Visitors welcome at farm, correspondence invited. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated **Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs."**

SQUAB BOOK **FREE**

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 423 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

ORIENT *400 **Friction Drive Buckboard**

World's Champion Motor Car

In the New York Efficiency Contest, May 5th, the two Orient Buckboards entered, broke **all existing records,** one car going 98 miles, the other 221.6 miles, each on 2 gallons of gasoline. No stops made for repairs or adjustments. This unequalled performance places the Orient first in efficiency, economy and endurance. Peerless in construction, smartest in appearance—4 H. P. Air Cooled, numerous speeds, forward and reverse—absolutely dependable for all round road work—level roads—hills, sand or mud. Catalogue free with full information. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

WALTHAM MFG. COMPANY, Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

Mysterious Skull!

Great fun! Shines in the dark with a fearsome blue light! Funny ghost! price **15 cts.** post-paid. We will send our new illustrated catalog of **Magic, Tricks, Illusions, etc.,** containing hundreds of tricks, accessories, etc., absolutely

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WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY

THE CREST TRADING CO.

21 E Witmark Building, N. Y.

MY BOOK FREE

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

You are no greater intellectually than your Memory

Stop Forgetting

My course simple. Increases earning capacity, social standing, gives ready memory for names, faces, conversation, business details. Booklet free. **Dickson School of Memory, 932 Kimball Hall, Chicago**

Our $10.00 File is a system to keep tab on installment customers who make payments weekly, semi-weekly and monthly. We will send you one on approval upon request. Address

H. R. Schraeger, Jr., System Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

SHOP TALK

The Unearned Increment

SOME years ago a couple of young men from the Middle West went to New York City and put their few thousand dollars capital into a real-estate business. Since then they have manœuvred so shrewdly that they are now reputed to have holdings worth several millions.

One of their transactions that paid well was the subdivision of a tract on Long Island, which was cut up into lots and offered to small investors outside the city. Advertising in the magazines put the promoters in touch with an investing public hitherto not available in the New York realty field. Their advertising was somewhat sensational, and attracted chiefly a class of purchasers who took property on the installment basis. A large sum had been invested in publicity, and sales were being made at a very satisfactory rate upon the original valuation of their Long Island property, at good profits, when one of the promoters had occasion to investigate values on adjoining property. What he learned in an afternoon sent him hustling back to the office.

"If we should sell all that tract to-morrow at our own prices, what would we net as profit over the purchase price?" he asked.

"About twenty-five per cent.," said one of his partners.

"Do you know what we will make if we don't sell at all?"

"No."

"Why the increase in values the past year has been as great as any profit we could make. In two more years it may go up to fifty per cent. We advertise to sell lots that will increase in value, but we're really selling gold eagles for $3.98."

Within a week a sensational line of advertising in the magazines, which looked too lavish in its promises to conservative investors, stopped abruptly. Promotion could not keep pace with the unearned increment. —*J. H. C.*

She Knew It

I WAS riding downtown in a trolley car, feeling nervous and a trifle despondent. I had lost my job and was on the lookout for another. In my hand I held a newspaper clipping containing numerous paragraphs beginning with the words: "Wanted, Stenographer." But I had little hope of getting a situation as good as the one I had lost, for most of the advertisements had to me the look of cheapness and I feared low pay and uncertain tenure. Two women sitting in front of me were conversing with much energy and it was impossible for me to avoid catching some of their words. They were discussing a third woman who was not present. Finally one said:

"I think Miss B. is very foolish to get mad and give up her job."

Now I was all interest. The other asked:

"Has she given it up?"

"Not yet, but she will hand in her resignation when she leaves the office for lunch to-day."

I had taken down Miss B.'s name by this time and wondered how I should be able to get her position. I did not dare ask the women, so at the next crossing I quit the car and made my way to the nearest drug-store, asking permission to look at a city directory. Down the "B" list I ran my eye carefully, and at last was rewarded.

"B——, Miss Anna, Stenographer," followed by home and office address.

I quickly dropped a nickel in the pay telephone and asked for the number of the office in which Miss B. worked. A gentleman's voice answered.

"I understand," I said, "that you are in need of an expert stenographer."

"I'm afraid you have the wrong number," came the answer. "I am well satisfied with my present help."

"Is this where Miss B. works?" I persisted.

"Yes."

"Well, she is going to quit, and I wish to apply for the position."

"That's news to me."

"I am informed that she will resign at noon."

"You seem to know a great deal more about my affairs than I do myself, but, if it is true and you can do the work, you stand a good chance of getting the job. Miss B. goes to lunch at 11:30. You may come at twelve, and if there is a vacancy you shall have the first chance to fill it."

At the appointed hour I stepped into the office. A business man who had the appearance of having recently been annoyed looked up from the desk.

"I telephoned you a short time ago about work," I said.

"Oh, you're the stenographer! Well, she did it, just as you said. There's her desk. Put off your hat and get ready to take some letters."

That's all there is to tell. I still hold the job and am well satisfied with both work and pay. —*Emma J. C.*

Outside the Syrup Belt

IN THE fall of 1901 I went from Michigan to California to work in a bank. The boarding-house I selected was very fair with but one exception, and that was the maple-syrup which they served us with our pancakes. It was a very distasteful mixture—glucose and other ingredients—to one who was used to the genuine article. As near as I could find out, our boarding-house was no exception to the rule.

Seeing a chance to make a few dollars, I began to get prices per gallon on the best syrup to be had at the local stores, also freight rates on maple-syrup from Michigan. Then I wrote to a friend of mine whose brother owned a sugar-bush, and through him obtained a price of ninety cents per gallon for syrup in a hundred-gallon lot with the privilege of withholding payment until after the retail sales. This made the syrup cost me from $1.15 to $1.20 per gallon at the depot in California. I found that I could undersell the article on the market and still make a handsome profit, so I set a price of $1.75 per gallon on my syrup, which I could guarantee to be absolutely pure.

My list of acquaintances was small, but by working after banking hours (without so much as a sample of the goods) I had in three days secured orders for about fifty gallons. I immediately telegraphed an order for one hundred gallons and in about three weeks had the syrup.

This was on a Saturday, and as that day is a half-holiday and the bank closed at noon, I hired a dray and in a few hours had delivered all of my large orders, including those at some distance from my base of supplies. A few days later I had collected enough to pay for my stock, and accordingly sent on a draft for $91.80, the shipment having amounted to one hundred and two gallons.

By this time sales were getting slow; so I began to advertise. I got a dozen ounce-bottles at the drug-store, filled them with syrup, and when I found a man who wasn't enthusiastic about buying, I'd leave a sample bottle with him. These samples never failed to bring me a customer for from one to three gallons. I kept this method up until, by the end of two months, I had disposed of my entire stock, and when I balanced my accounts I found that I was just an even fifty dollars to the good. The whole deal, with the exception of the cost of the telegram and the freight on the syrup, which was about twenty-five dollars, was done on credit. —*F. R. K.*

How He Got Rich

THE following incident occurred when I was a barefoot lad of ten years, living in an obscure country town in Maine. The wealthiest man in the community was a certain Mr. R., who was reputed to be worth $100,000, and to have an income of twenty dollars a day. These amounts then seemed to me so stupendous that I often wondered how it was possible to acquire so much wealth and resolved that at the next opportunity I would ask him about it. Living, as I did, on the adjoining estate, and often doing some small chores for him, this opportunity soon came and I made the inquiry:

"Mr. R., how did you make so much money?"

He gave me a quick, kindly glance and patting me on the shoulder replied:

"I'll tell you, my son. I bought my straw hats in the winter."

The full meaning of his remark was not appreciated at the time, but it made a deep impression, and as I grew to maturity its wisdom and significance became more and more apparent. —*W. H. E.*

The Ever Fresh

"LITHOLIN" Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs. They look exactly like other linen.

No matter how much you perspire, they never wilt.

When soiled you can clean them in a jiffy with a damp cloth.

Made in all the up-to-date styles.

At collar shops or of us.

Collars 25 cents. Cuffs 50 cents.

The Fiberloid Co. REGISTERED **LITHOLIN** TRADE MARK New York

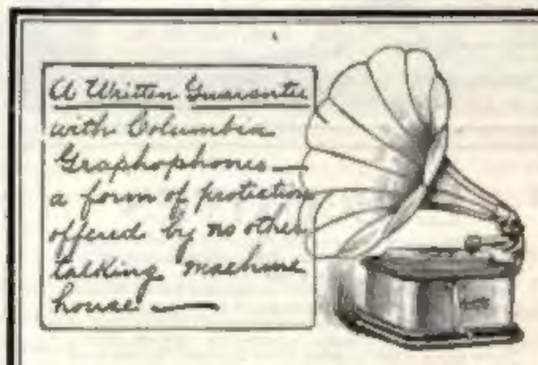
GOOD INCOME ON SMALL SAVINGS 5%

5% is a little better than most small investors receive—but no more than savings should yield while being free from speculation. Investors of small amounts will do well to investigate our business, which has been established over 13 years, and conducted under N. Y. Banking Dept. supervision. We are paying **5% per year** on accounts subject to withdrawal at your option. Start at any time—earnings reckoned for each day and remitted by check quarterly, semi-annually or compounded. Patrons all over the country, among whom are prominent merchants, manufacturers and professional men. Assets $1,750,000. Write for particulars.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS and LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.

1 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York



ON your porch, In the mountains; On the water at the seashore; What music is sweeter than the pure, clear, far-reaching tones of the

Columbia Graphophone

The best assurance you can have of the superiority of this famous entertainer is

A Written Guarantee of a Two Million Dollar Concern

With this guarantee you don't guess, you KNOW, which is best. Write us for our

Free Trial and Easy Payment Offer

This is your chance to secure the Best Talking Machine made on payments which will not be felt.

We Accept Old Machines of Any Make in Part Payment

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900
Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904
Highest Award, Portland, 1905

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New York

N. Y. S. E. P. 2

Fill out and mail

Send me full details of your Easy Payment and Exchange Plan.

Name .....

Address .....

Professional cooks use

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

because no other seasoning has the same fine, rich flavor. John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

KING MANTELS

are made and marketed by men of experience with whom the production of high grade wood mantels for all classes of homes has been a life long study. We know the merits of our production, and back them with the strongest guarantee possible.

Our "Evidence" book (free on request) proves every claim and shows fifteen special bargains in King Mantels offered at record-breaking prices. Our 72-page catalogue of King Mantels, Grates, Tiles, Grilles, etc., is the handsomest and most complete book of its kind ever issued. This and our copyrighted Supplement entitled "Colonial Beauties," both sent for twelve cents in stamps to cover actual postage.

King Mantel Co., 630 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

EXECUTIVES

We need men of integrity, requisite experience and ability to fill some very attractive positions at salaries of $2,000–$10,000. They are open for high-grade executives who know how to produce results. Managers, secretaries and treasurers of large corporations, department store superintendents and men in all lines of work who are handling employees successfully should know more of our system. Over 20,000 employers have learned from experience that we supply only men whose records bear investigation. That is why we are filling so many responsible places. Why not write us to-day for plan and booklet? State your experience fully. Offices in 12 cities.

HAPGOODS, Suite 142, 305 Broadway, New York

Gasoline Engines are Sparked 50% Cheaper

by an Edison Battery and Spark Coil than by "dry" batteries, for instance. The Edison Battery gives twice the ampere hours for $1 and the Edison Coil puts them all into a fat, hot spark. It is wound with the heaviest, thickest wire. We prove that it saves batteries. The price is reduced from $3.25 to $2.50. Write for "Battery Sparks" before buying batteries and coils.

Edison Manufacturing Company

21 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N.J.

11 Union Sq., N. Y. 304 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 25 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C.

4% ON MAIL ACCOUNTS 4%

The Management of this bank is in the hands of alert, progressive business men of the highest standing and integrity.

Send for booklet "A," Banking by Mail.

UNION TRUST COMPANY

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

DEPOSITS OVER 15 MILLION DOLLARS

Your Kodak Film Developed Promptly By Experts

We will develope the film and return it with twelve unmounted Velox prints from the best negatives. Write your address and ours plainly, enclose two quarter dollars at either end of spools securely. This price for all sizes up to and including a 12 exposure 4 x 5 film.

Let the fact that we want your future business be a guarantee of our good faith and workmanship. Write for our price card and special offers.

ROBERT JOHNSTON, Mail Dept., Kodaks, Supplies & Finishing 12 North Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

423 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

When Your Subscription Expires

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Shame of the Colleges!

We find nothing left to expose but the colleges, and as all the muck-rakers are working overtime we have had to get a humorist to write The Shame of the Colleges. Wallace Irwin is the man; so far he hasn't done anything to benefit humanity except to make people laugh. We half fear that our readers will chuckle over Mr. Irwin's articles, "The Shame of the Colleges," in which is set forth the Crimes of the Amalgamated-Gentleman Trust.

Mr. Irwin spent three hours investigating Harvard College, and his disclosures will make even a Yale man blush.

The dramatic interest of this chapter of infamy centres in the life story of Alexander Quaggles, who came to Harvard from South Dakota with no bad habits and ate his tobacco wholesomely from the plug. But the system was too much for Alexander.

The Crimes of the Amalgamated-Gentleman Trust will be followed by an exposé of Yale, where they make democrats. In subsequent issues, at decent intervals, the shame of some more colleges that are burning tainted money at both ends will be told. But there will be no remedy!

A Prominent Horticulturist Writes:

"I have found a home insecticide that costs next to nothing and is vastly superior to the expensive ones on the market: Melt a quarter of a pound of Ivory Soap and add to it a pailful of water, and it is ready to apply to your bushes with a whisk, an ordinary garden spray or a watering can."

"Plant Pests—How to Overcome Them," a 16 page book, containing information of great value to every man and woman who grows flowers, either for pleasure or profit, will be mailed on application to THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ivory Soap – 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

Collar Quality

To your question "Is this a linen collar?" demand a plain "Yes" or "No." Do not buy a cotton collar under a fancy name.

To wear well a collar should be made of linen—not cotton sold as linen.

LONDON TOWN LINEN COLLARS four-ply-are "linen"-stamped "linen." *They are sold under guarantee.* They are Collar shrunk, not piece shrunk, therefore keep size and shape. The real 25c. kind, but sold at 2 for a quarter in ½ sizes.

A bit exclusive—not to be had everywhere.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c. for 2 London Town Linen Collars—cut shows Kingsway collar, comfortable and stylish.

MORRISON SHIRT & COLLAR CO. Dept. I, Glens Falls, N.Y.

Send for Book "How We Be-Linen You."

4% PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK 4%

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CAPITAL & SURPLUS TWO MILLION DOLLARS

This bank originated the Banking by Mail system and numbers among its depositors residents in all parts of the World whose accounts range from one dollar to several thousands.

Send for booklet "P" explaining how you can open a savings account by mail with one dollar and upwards.

THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%

A Perfect Smoke

Fragrant, mild, delicious—so says the connoisseur of

French's Mixture

A wonderful blend of North Carolina golden leaf, whose high natural aroma and exquisite fragrance is peculiar to the Piedmont section where it is grown. The leaf is carefully selected and blended by experts after being thoroughly matured and ripened by age.

Never bites the tongue

Made nearly altogether by hand in the old fashioned way. Purest and highest grade smoking tobacco manufactured. This is what makes it

"The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco"

Sold only direct to smokers in perfect condition.

Send 10 cents in silver or stamps for a large sample pouch and booklet; both will be a delight to you.

FRENCH TOBACCO COMPANY Dept. A, Statesville, N. C.

Ask your dealer for the

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THE SENATE

A Mirror of Our National Ideals

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

WHERE are our Sumners? Who is the successor of William H. Seward? Name me another Henry Clay!" exclaimed an earnest and informed admirer of the past—a worshiper of the heroes who are dead.

"Well," came the answer—"Well, where are the questions that produced a Sumner and a Seward? Where are the conditions that evolved a Clay? Where are the *ideals* that were the real mothers of these great minds and souls?"

The answer might perhaps have been that the equals of Sumner and Webster, though not in the same lines, are in the American Senate to-day.

Yet in that answer abides the reason for the change in the character and aptitudes of American public men—most of all of American Senators. The Senate reflects the ideals that have lasted sufficiently long and that have so saturated the American mind and conscience as to be said to be national. The House of Representatives cannot as perfectly represent national ideals as the Senate, because the House is too changeable a body and reflects rather the phases of the popular mind and heart during the period in which the ideals themselves are crystallizing.

Thus, at the foundation of our Government the ideal of the American people was government itself—free government under orderly institutions, "Liberty regulated by law," as the noble old phrase has it. The people thought about that more than all other subjects put together—talked about it, wrote about it. The reason of this was that for a hundred years the Colonists had been dissatisfied with the government of the English king, and this dissatisfaction meant discussion; and this discussion meant action; and this action meant independence; and independence meant a workable Government of their own.

So the first Senators, and indeed all of our early public men, were skilled craftsmen of government. *In the first Senate nearly every man was a college graduate;* nearly every man a lawyer; every man an earnest propagandist of that revolution of ideas which preceded and followed the revolution of arms; and absolutely every one of them was a profound and lifelong student of the nature and science of government.

In the first Senate there were *only two business men and one financier*, Robert Morris—one-ninth of the whole Senate. In the Senate to-day, *nearly one-third of the whole Senate are business men.* This in itself does not mean deterioration of the Senate; but it means a change in the national ideal. This point is worth emphasizing, because there has been such an unjust assault made upon the Senate in late years. The truth is that the standard of personal conduct among Senators is much higher now than in Webster's day.

We would send a Senator to jail for doing such things as were often done then. Webster even advocated in the Senate and had a claim passed for which he charged and got a fee.

If a Senator did a thing like that to-day he would be expelled.

Until 1864 we find our Senators taking cases against the Government and thinking no harm of it. But the *standard* is different now, higher now; no Senator will take a case against the Government to-day; no Senator can lawfully do so.

Then, too, the personal life of American public men is beyond all comparison better than it was fifty years ago—yes, better than it was ten years ago; and it grows better all the while, just as the personal habits of the American people grow better all the while. Indeed, the Senate is almost as perfect an index of the personal habits of the American people as it is a true reflection of the ideals of the American people.

Note, now, the two overwhelming ideals that filled the people's minds during the period of Clay, Webster and Calhoun—the ideal of state sovereignty, on the one hand, and of nationality, on the other hand. These ideals filled the people's mind even more than the daily struggle for their daily bread. So this period produced those intellectual mighty ones whose sheer power of mentality and wide knowledge of the problems growing out of these ideals compel our admiration a generation after those problems were solved.

Nearly every Senator during this period was a profound student of public questions, although there were not so many lawyers and fewer college men than in the first Senate. A number of planters from Southern States were Senators—which merely emphasizes the truth that the Senate was the index of national conditions.

The tremendous period of the Civil War, and the dread Titanic years which immediately trod in its red footsteps, produced still another type of public men and especially of Senators who answered perfectly in their terrible strength and relentless purpose the conditions which called them into public service. They were more widely scattered among the business occupations and professions than before—and in ability and learning they were, with three or four brilliant exceptions, distinctly inferior to the Senators that made illustrious the upper chamber of Congress from Washington's day to Lincoln's day.

But they were the most determinedly and intensely purposeful of any body of men that ever went to the Senate of the United States. They were there to put down the war. Sheer power, crude strength, deadly determination marked their characters and their discussions. When the war was over and reconstruction came, the quality of Senators changed and rose. No abler group of men has been in the Senate than adorned it when Conkling, Edmunds and Thurman appeared in the seats of the great ones of the past.

A few of these old-time Senators with like ideals still survive and are the real leaders to-day, in spite of the commercial ideal which has dominated American life for the last generation—men who in ability and character challenge comparison with the best and ablest Senators in our history.

Now observe the change which came over the face of the land and the new ideal that formed in the breasts of the people a decade after the Civil War. The Nation turned from armed conflict and political reconstruction to industrial activity—I will not say industrial development, because much of it was industrial exhaustion rather than development. The slaughter of our forests, the looting of our mines, were not development, but destruction. The building of our railways, the erection of great bridges, the construction of factories and mills, and all the long catalogue of like activities were industrial development—yet even these things were done in an eager, hasty, wasteful way, with greed the ruling passion.

But, no matter how we term it, every phase of the whole American industrial phenomenon from the end of the decade succeeding the Civil War until now has been material. Up to within almost the present hour we have been growing more practically commercial every day. For the last four decades the question that we have been asking concerning our neighbors has been: "How much money is he making?" The measure of our success in life came to be the dollar.

And so, more and more, as the years went on, the honestly, genuinely, thoroughly *representative men of the times* have been those great masters of business—those properly styled "captains of industry," and the counselors of these overlords of wealth—whose genius in their line was not a whit less than that of Hamilton and Jefferson in theirs, of Webster, Clay and Calhoun in theirs, of Sumner and Seward in theirs, of Morton and Conkling in theirs. And so, if there has been a change in our public life, and especially in the members of the United States Senate, it has represented, as in the days of old, the *national ideal* of the time.

So, beginning with the second decade after the Civil War, an increasing number of business men began to come to the Senate until, as has been noted, *nearly one-third of the present Senate are business men.* Also a steadily increasing number of *very wealthy men*, whose successful business lives prove their capacity, have been coming to the upper house of Congress—indeed, to both houses of Congress. Possibly neither of these facts is, perhaps, a discredit to the men themselves or to the Nation. They are notable only as illustrating national conditions and ideals.

But this ideal is slowly changing and with it the Senate is beginning to change.

The whole world now sees that the period of American commercialism, in the sense that the materialistic ideal rules the American people, is passing away, and that a *new ideal*, equal in its nobility to that which inspired the founders of the Republic, is rapidly establishing its sway over the American mind and heart. The problems, the solution of which this new ideal will determine, are the great economic problems—a more careful guardianship of the interests and rights of the people in the mass, which merely means the Nation; and, therefore, fewer unpurchased privileges given to individuals and corporations; better public service, with fidelity to the people its ruling spirit rather than the temporary success of political parties; and, in general, a settlement of all questions from the viewpoint of conscience as well as intelligence.

This new period, and the *ideal* which marks it, distinct from the meaning and purpose of the periods and ideals that have gone before it, will produce—is producing—its reflection in American public life. The American people are beginning to think justice as well as dividends. They are beginning to think righteousness as well as profit. A type and result of this new and glorious period is Theodore Roosevelt—yes, and may we not also say one of its causes?—or, rather, are not he and his work both a cause and a result?

Senator Albert J. Beveridge

The time for Theodore Roosevelt was ripe; the people were weary of the money ideal alone, with its million comforts and its million cruelties, its million luxuries and its million injustices, its incessant ministry to the flesh and its perpetual weakening of the spirit. And so when this young prophet of the new faith, which was yet the ancient faith, went back and forth among the people proclaiming righteousness throughout the land, the people heard him, and, hearing him, made him the first conspicuous representative of the ideal he proclaimed. To this new period American public life is responding already—responding with a rapidity that is incredible considering the extent of our dominion and the scores of our millions.

So if it be said that the Senate has been representative of business "interests," the answer is that business "interests" have, for the last three decades until now, constituted the ideal of *the American people.*

If the American citizen wants to see a change, let him stop envying and worshiping mere wealth in the mass; let him stop regarding huge railroad systems, or vast organizations like the beef trust, as things so big and admirable that the *people* ought to serve *them*, rather than that *they* ought to serve the *people*; let him quit his idolatry of the golden calf and stop thinking that a man is wise and good simply because he owns a copper mine in some distant mountains; let him abandon the base attitude of lifting his hat to the man who has acquired millions *merely because he has those millions*; let the average American quit all these prostrations of the soul and he will find American public life responding to his own altered attitude.

What the Senate Represents

SO WE see that the membership of the Senate is a faithful picture of universal conditions and of national ideals from time to time. Let us see what are its functions in legislation; how it acts and what it represents, not in the character and occupation of its members, but in its method of working.

The Senate is the organized distrust of the first violent and crude demands of popular passion and the organized trust in the people's final opinion which comes when passion cools. The House is the instantaneous expression of popular feeling; the Senate is the deliberate expression of popular judgment. So, when the country is fermenting with new ideas, growing out of changed conditions which the old laws do not fit, we hear those ideas instantly voiced in the House of Representatives. There they are first announced, first debated, first take definite form.

But, in the nature of things, those ideas, in the beginning, are crude. The laws which are written to express them are defective and sometimes not even calculated to effect the very object which it is their purpose to accomplish. Time is needed for the growth of an idea as well as for the growth of a boy or a tree. Patience and toil and devotion are needed to perfect a law as much as to carve from shapeless marble the immortal image that dwells in the artist's mind.

It is this principle that operates throughout the whole universe which constitutes the reason for the United States Senate. Somebody has called it "the sanctuary of the sober second thought of the Nation." De Tocqueville, who was the profoundest as well as the most accurate observer of our institutions, and whose study of them heated his calm philosophy into burning admiration, declared that "the American House of Representatives is the expression of the emotion of the Nation; the American Senate is the expression of the judgment of the Nation."

Thus the House acts quickly, fervently, sometimes passionately, and always with the warm blood of the real and vital life of the people. And for precisely the same reasons the Senate acts deliberately, critically, almost with coldness—not with the coldness of the indifferent worker, but of the scientist who, eager to solve the problems of the laboratory quickly, is yet far more eager to solve them accurately. And so the House is much more human than the Senate, and the Senate, in the nature of things, more judicious than the House.

Where House and Senate Differ

I SAY that the action of both House and Senate have exactly the same cause. The Congressman is elected for two years. The people demand certain legislation instantly. The Congressman must be reëlected at once; for a Congressman's campaign never ends. And therefore, he responds to the people's immediate thought, because if he does not they will punish him by defeat. For the very same reason, the Senator is quite as apt to resist that immediate demand of the people. He is not up for an early election, and he considers, not what the people's mind may be to-day upon this question, *but what it probably will be some years hence.* He considers that if he votes for this measure now, the people will applaud; but if they change their mind four or five years hence, they will forget their applause of to-day in their condemnation of to-morrow.

So out of human nature itself springs the question which the House puts to every measure: "*Is it what the people want to-day?*" and the question which the Senate puts to every measure: "*Is it what the people will want to-morrow*—when they have had time to think it over?" And in answering its questions, the House, under its rules, acts quickly; for, in the nature of things, unlimited debate in the House is impossible. There are three hundred and ninety-three members in the House, and if each man should speak without limit on any important question the House, even if in continuous session, could not pass a dozen measures in a decade.

On the contrary, there are only ninety Senators (and the men who wrote the Constitution supposed that there never would be more than forty at the outside). Therefore, extended debate is possible and necessary.

The Senate is the only place in all the world where there is absolutely free debate—yes, more than that: the United States Senate is the only spot on earth where free speech exists.

Every man sees the universal advance of liberty and the gradual, but steady, capitulation of ancient forms of government to those free institutions, of which those of our country are the first and most perfect model. Some countries, like Switzerland, have caught up with and passed us in the race toward the goal of pure democracy; and others, like France and England, and in some features, such as her municipal government, even the German Empire, are as much more modern as we are now than we were more modern than they a hundred years ago.

Yet in this universal uplift of peoples and nations toward the government of the people, *the Senate of the United States remains the only sanctuary of free speech on earth.* That is the most striking and glorious fact in the whole framework of our government—yes, and of all government; and I repeat it because it is so great, so tremendous.

Much Talk Makes Wise Laws

THE free speech of the Senate often means long debate. But without that extended discussion enactment of wise laws for the American people would be impossible. The country is so big—so vast; our people are so numerous; their interests are so varied, interwoven, interdependent, that a law which when enacted *must cover a continent*, and apply to almost *ninety millions of people*, and affect all of their interlaced industries, must be modified, balanced, adjusted with nicety, or it will work more evil than good.

So, from every part of the country Senators ought to advise the Senate and the Nation as to what is best for the Republic with respect to that law from that Senator's point of view; and for his opinion he should contend with vigor and enrich his debates with industrious research. He should speak, not for the separate welfare of the state or section from which he comes, *but for the welfare of the whole American people* as their welfare appears to him; for a Senator is not a Senator *of* a state: he is a Senator *of* the United States *from* a state. He is the representative whom the people of a state send to the councils of the Nation to give the best wisdom of the people of that state in devising laws, *not for that state alone* but *for the whole Republic.*

By the time even a small number of Senators has discharged this high duty of elaborate, careful and thoughtful counsel in the form of debate much time has been consumed—apparently. But this is only apparently. As a matter of fact, very little time has been taken. For example, in the last eight years Congress has been in session on the average about four months a year. This is not much more time than is consumed by the legislature of a state. Yet during this historic period more new, far-reaching and destiny-freighted questions have been discussed and determined than in any period of American history save only during the epochs that saw the formation of the Constitution and the Civil War.

A debate in the Senate rarely occupies more than two months. Only once in American history, even including the most determined filibusters, has a Senatorial debate lasted longer than three months. And these periods were not exclusively devoted to one subject. One subject was principally considered, but not exclusively. When Senators are not speaking upon the principal question before the Senate, known as "the unfinished business," the Senate is swiftly transacting any other business that may be on the calendar.

But take three months as the limit of debate. Is that too long a time to examine and discuss a question which, once determined, can never be entirely changed afterward? Is it too long, for example, in a great world-policy like expansion, which commits the Nation to lines of action extending far beyond the horizon of any man's sight?

Are three months too long to deliberate upon the question of the Government control of railway-rates, which directly affects the entire transportation system of a nation that has more railroads than all other nations combined, on the one hand; and, on the other hand, affects the business of every shipper in the greatest and most active of commercial peoples, and indirectly affects the prices of products thus shipped to every one of our ninety millions who consume more than twice as much, man for man, as the people of any other country on the globe?

Are three months too long time to think out and formulate into some law that will work and work well any general revision of our currency system which touches the daily livelihood of every human being beneath the flag? Are three months too long a time to give to careful examination of tariff schedules in any attempted revision, considering that every industry in the United States and the occupation of every man, woman and child is adjusted to existing tariffs and must be readjusted to the new tariff so that it will do good instead of harm?

Yet popular impatience with the Senate began and has continued because of that deliberation. "Why don't you take up the reform of our currency and put it through? A number of business men would not take a week about it," said an active and intelligent business man. No doubt he could have settled the question in that time—from his point of view and that of his locality; but not from ninety points of view scattered over a continent representing people who *before another decade will number a hundred million.*

When it Looks Easy

"YOU should have a more clearly defined policy of conducting the war," said one of the typically impatient to President Lincoln.

"Yes, I think so, too," said that philosopher-statesman. "Let me have your views."

And the fervid adviser elaborated his ideas for an hour.

"They look feasible enough, and I think I may say that I am convinced," said Lincoln. "Will you not go to the hotel and draft for me a working plan along the lines you have described?"

With great glee this man, who represented a large committee that had visited Washington, left the White House and told the other members that Lincoln had agreed to all he had advised and that he would immediately put it into effect; and with burning enthusiasm he went to his room and to his work. But the great weary war-President never saw this counselor of a sure-and-certain-and-speedy policy again. When it came to putting ideas into a form that meant something and that would *accomplish something* the enthusiast found his task too great. And yet that is precisely the task that confronts every statesman who is fit to serve the people—statesmen, mind you, not demagogue or tricky politician.

Length of service and freedom of debate make the Senate the great deliberative body; and both of these make the Senate representative of the *permanent* thought and *settled* JUDGMENT of the people. So, in the very constitution of each of the houses, the House is the originating body and the Senate the amending body. It is a curious and thoroughly illustrative fact that most ideas which originate in the Senate have grown out of the examination of and been suggested by measures the House has passed; curious and illustrative, also, of the House that few of its bills upon important subjects are enacted into law without great modification at the hands of the Senate. Usually these Senate modifications are helpful. Usually the original house is too hurried to make its bills thoroughly safe or perfectly workable.

On the other hand, not only is the Senate deliberate; it might also be said to be too slow. That is not only because of the length of time of the service of Senators, which gives them a portly leisure; not only because they are inclined to wait to see whether a popular demand is only a whim, growing out of passion, or of a fixed and increasing desire, growing out of necessity. The Senate is inclined to be slow because, fortunately, the larger number of its most influential members are men of considerable age. With a few exceptions, the chairmen of all important committees, which may be said almost to control legislation in the Senate, are men of very ripe years.

Luckily age never puts on more sail. It is not in a hurry. Although it does not object to and even likes laborious routine, it frowns upon novel effort. It is

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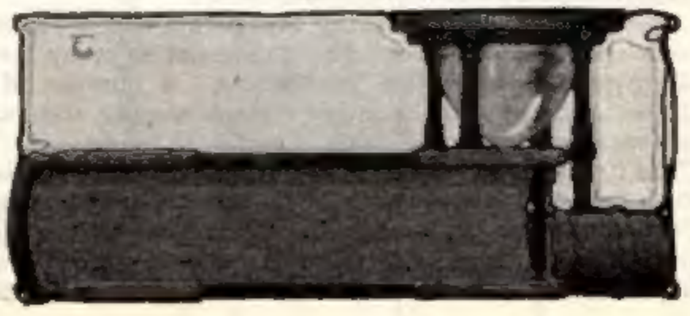


IN PURSUIT OF PRISCILLA

"Impatience, Indeed! He Bit Me!"

A Chronicle of the Man Willing and the Woman Willful

By Edward Salisbury Field

I

IT ISN'T so sudden as you think," I said. "I've been considering it for weeks."

"As if I didn't know that," she replied.

"Your surprise was admirably feigned," I complimented icily.

"Don't be a goose, Billy! I'm dying to know what finally decided you to propose."

"Is it psychology?" I asked suspiciously.

"Just plain curiosity," she declared.

"Well, then, I'm simply crazy about you, Priscilla."

"But you've been that for years!"

"And there was Carey Hamilton," I admitted weakly.

"That's better," she said. "What about Carey?"

"As if you didn't know!"

"You mean, of course, that Carey has been rather devoted lately."

"Not rather, Priscilla—markedly, confoundedly, er—devilishly devoted!"

"What of it?" she asked innocently.

"Look here, Priscilla," I protested, "that doesn't go down with me; we've known each other ever since we were kids. I remember how you used to catch flies and pull their legs off. What a horrid little girl you were! And now it's me that's the fly, and it's my wings and legs that you're despoiling."

"You're a beast, Billy! Besides, you should say it's I that's the fly."

"You haven't changed a bit," I sighed.

"I wish I could say as much for you," said Priscilla. "Honestly, Billy, you were a nice child, and so generous. Yes, you were generous then," she admitted.

"Why then?" I demanded. "Am I not generous now?"

She was silent. I repeated the question.

"We'll compromise," she said sweetly, "and say you are generous now and then."

"Do you know how much American Beauties cost a dozen?" I asked pointedly, with my eyes fixed on a rose jar near the window.

"Anybody can be generous with money," said Priscilla.

"Now and then," I retorted.

"Carey Hamilton has been most considerate."

"I never liked him."

"Why?" asked Priscilla.

"I refuse to answer."

"You choose to insinuate," she sneered.

"I choose to do nothing of the sort, Priscilla Crookshanks!"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Priscilla Crookshanks, Billy; I don't like it."

"I don't blame you. It has a deformed sound, hasn't it?"

"What has?"

"Crookshanks, of course. Why don't you change it, Priscilla?"

"Don't be tiresome, Billy."

"I won't, if you'll marry me."

"If I thought you wouldn't, I'd be almost tempted to do it."

"Would you, really?"

"Almost. Do you know, Billy, I've often thought you had the making of a man in you?"

"That observation does you great credit," I said. "Thanks awfully."

"What you really need," she continued, "is a wife."

"The very point I've been trying to make."

"But you ought to do something with your life."

"Work?"

"Good gracious, no! What made you think of that?"

"All the stories you read nowadays are built on that plan. Dear Young Thing falls in love with Rich Young Ass. Won't marry Rich Young Ass because he hasn't an Aim in Life. Dear Young Thing demands that Rich Young Ass prove his love by doing Something Worth While. So Rich Young Ass goes down to his father's soap-factory in his ten-thousand-dollar automobile, discharges the office-boy—whose widowed mother and thirteen sisters are depending on his three dollars a week for food and clothing—and sweeps out the factory himself. Dear Young Thing is tickled to death. Rich Young Ass shows her an Honest Toil blister on his left hand, and the next day the engagement is announced. Fierce, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Priscilla, "it's what Lord Grimwood used to call 'bally rot.' Since he married Sally they've been crazy to have me visit them, but Dad won't let me go to England with only a maid, and I simply refuse to have Aunt Esther tagging along."

"Old Grimmy was all right," I said; "I liked him heaps. What's the matter with us getting married, and going to England on our wedding trip?"

"That's just what I was going to propose," said Priscilla.

II

"DID you ever do something, and then regret it ten minutes afterward?" Priscilla asked, as I sauntered into her drawing-room next afternoon.

"Perhaps," I answered guardedly.

"At any rate, I haven't a ring to return," she added triumphantly.

"That's soon remedied," I said, fishing into my waistcoat pocket.

"Oh, what a beauty!" cried Priscilla. "When did you get it?"

"I was at Tiffany's this morning before the doors were open. I'm glad you like it."

"I *do* like it," she replied; "and I'll tell everybody that Dad gave it to me for a birthday present."

"But your birthday isn't till next month! And besides, I gave it to you."

"Would you have me go around saying: 'See the ring Billy Cartwright gave me'?"

"Why not? We're engaged."

"I haven't really decided yet whether I'll be engaged or not. But I'll always keep the ring, Billy."

"No reason why you shouldn't."

"I'm so glad you're sensible about it; some men would expect me to return it."

"Much good it would do them. But honestly, Priscilla, I think you're treating me like a dog."

"I adore dogs. Still, perhaps I haven't been very nice about the ring. There! Do you feel better?"

"Give me another, and I'll produce a dog-collar of pearls," I promised rashly.

"I might contract the habit," said Priscilla; "and kissing has gone out; it's considered dowdy nowadays."

"Yours are not dowdy," I said; "they're—— I can't think of the right word."

"Heavenly?"

"Exactly. Thank you."

"Don't thank me; it's Carey Hamilton you're indebted to."

"You didn't kiss Carey!"

"Of course not; I kissed his Boston terrier. It's the sweetest thing! Will you buy me one when we're married, Billy?"

"I'll buy you a hundred if you like. That reminds me: I suppose I ought to speak to your father."

"I don't see why."

"Isn't it customary?"

"More Affection," I Said. "A Love Nip"

"Oh, yes, everybody speaks to Dad; he's very democratic, you know."

"But really, Priscilla, I *should* speak to your father—it's only right."

"Well, you can't now, because Carey Hamilton is speaking to him," said Priscilla.

"What?" I cried. "This is outrageous, Priscilla!"

"I don't see why. If Peterson, the gardener, asked me if he might speak to Dad, I'd tell him 'Yes.'"

"But Peterson isn't in love with you."

"Oh, isn't he, though! But you needn't envy Carey his reception, for Dad is preparing a paper for his Medical Society."

"He might say 'Yes' just to get rid of him," I ventured.

"So he might," said Priscilla; "I never thought of that. He likes Carey, too. Of course, if he says 'Yes,' that settles it, Billy."

"It does nothing of the sort. You're engaged to me. What a little devil you are, Priscilla!"

"Now, that's a compliment I can appreciate. I'd much rather you'd call me that than Dear or Ducky. Promise me you'll never call me Ducky."

"Ducky, Ducky," I repeated. "Why, it just suits you, Priscilla; I wonder I never thought of it before."

"Burning alive is too good for you, Billy."

"So you're going to marry me instead? That's vengeance with a vengeance."

"You'll think so if I ever do," warned Priscilla. "Carey's been gone an unconscionably long time; I wonder what has kept him."

"Dad, probably. No doubt he has cornered Carey, and is reading his paper to him."

"If he has I'm sure Carey will be very sympathetic. Poor, dear Dad! he does love a sympathetic listener."

"I never saw a man who didn't—or woman either, for that matter."

"I hate a cynic," said Priscilla. "It's time for you to run now, Billy."

"I'm not going till Carey Hamilton shows up," I said.

"Please go, Billy."

"No, Ducky."

"Perhaps you will if I tell you something."

"Perhaps. But if you are preparing to tell me that Carey Hamilton isn't in the house, you needn't bother, for I've known it all along."

III

"YOUR father is a brick, Priscilla," I said, as soon as James was out of earshot.

"What welcome news!" said Priscilla. "I suppose you came to see me this afternoon on purpose to tell me."

"Partly that; but I've even better news than that: your father thinks I'll do for a son-in-law. I waylaid him last night at the club, and he literally fell on my neck when I told him. If it had been anybody else I should have thought he looked relieved."

"How perfectly horrid of you, Billy!"

"Not a bit. Why shouldn't he look relieved?"

"Why should he?"

"You might have wanted to marry some one he didn't approve of."

"But he likes Carey Hamilton," said Priscilla. "As for you, he was nice to you for my sake."

"Did you ask him to be?"

"I never ask Dad to do anything; I just tell him to do it. He's a regular lamb."

"I'm not," I warned.

"Of course not," she agreed; "they don't christen lambs, Billy. But I haven't thanked you for that darling puppy you sent me. What shall I call him?"

"You might call him Tatters," I said; "for, if he's affectionate, he'll tear your clothes to shreds, and, if he isn't, he'll tear them anyway."

"That's encouraging," said Priscilla. "I can't say I like the name of Tatters, though. Besides, I've already named him Hammy."

"What an unpleasant name!" I said. "Why not call him Piggie and be done with it?"

"I don't think that's fair to Mr. Hamilton," pouted Priscilla.

"Just Heaven!" I exclaimed. "She's named the dog I gave her after Carey Hamilton!"

"Don't be silly," said Priscilla; "I only did it to tease him."

"You didn't stop to consider that it might tease me, too. You oughtn't to call a well-bred, self-respecting dog Hammy; it's too degrading."

"Carey is the great-great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, one of the finest names in American history."

"And your dog is sired by Saturn, king of the Dog Star Kennels, and one of the finest-bred dogs in the world."

"Good gracious! Is he? How interesting! Hammy isn't a beautiful name, I'll admit; besides, there's that old proverb about giving a dog a bad name. I think I'll call him after one of Chevalier's songs. I adore Chevalier."

"Which one will you name him after?"

"The Little Nipper. It sounds something like Little Dipper, and that's more in keeping with Saturn and the Dog Star Kennels. I know I'll just love Nipper, Billy."

"I'm sure you will. The lucky brute! Can't we have him in here, and christen him properly?"

"Of course we can. If you'll ring, I'll have James fetch him from the kitchen."

"You ought to keep him in the stable. The cook will feed him too much, and the other servants will spoil him."

"I'd rather have him spoiled than kicked to death by a horse."

"Nonsense! Horses understand dogs."

"So do cooks. Fed dogs are fond dogs, Billy. Here he is now! Did he bite you, James? Only nipped you?"

"There, you see," I said; "he's trying out his new name before he knew he had one. Come here, Nipper, old boy!"

"That's not the way to talk to dogs," said Priscilla, planting Nipper in her lap. "Lie still, little Nipper-ipper; we're going to christen you."

"What with?" I asked.

"Tea, I suppose," answered Priscilla; "it's the handiest. Stop him, Billy; he's chewing my lace!"

"It shows he's hungry."

"I wonder if he really ought to have something to eat. Hold still, Nipper, while I christen you."

"Be careful," I urged. "You'll upset that cup of tea."

"Who's doing this?" said Priscilla. "The dear! He is so impatient to be christened I can hardly hold him. Nipper, you little brute—— Ouch!"

"Just his impatience, Priscilla."

"Impatience, indeed! He bit me!"

"Mere affection," I said. "A love nip."

"Nothing of the sort. He's a vicious dog, that's what he is, and he isn't well bred, either—he's frightfully rude. Billy, the spikes on his collar are all tangled up in my lace. If you don't make him get down I'll scream."

"All right. Come to your Uncle Billy, Nipper."

"There!" said Priscilla, "I hope you're satisfied. Most likely I'll have hydrophobia from the bite on my wrist, and my gown is a perfect wreck."

"I told you Tatters was a good name for him," I said.

"Billy Cartwright, you're a beast! Leave the house at once!"

"Or you might re-christen him Rags. I once knew a really noble dog named Rags."

"And you say you love me!"

"I said I loved you. At the present moment, love is too mild a word—I adore you."

"And I hate you! Now go, please, before I set Nipper on you. No, I don't mean that."

"I'm sure you don't."

"It was only the Nipper part that I didn't mean. Now go, please, or I'll set Hammy on you."

IV

"I'M SO glad to see you," beamed Priscilla, as if that pleasure had been denied her for a month, instead of twenty-four hours. "I was just telling Mr. Hamilton that you had deserted me lately."

"And a Sunburst of White on His Forehead"

"I've been frightfully busy," I explained, accepting my cue like a little man. "How are you, Carey?"

"Howdy-do?" said Carey, not any too enthusiastically. "I thought I left you at the club."

"So you did," I replied pleasantly.

"I didn't know you were coming, so I telephoned him," fibbed Priscilla. "You see, I'm in trouble, and Dad's so busy that I hate to bother him."

"Dear me!" said Carey sympathetically. "You in trouble? How very sad—extraordinarily sad, don't you know? Pray command me, Miss Crookshanks. Beauty in distress has a friend in me always—always, Miss Crookshanks. Bear that in mind—always."

"I don't know about the beauty part," said Priscilla, "but I can answer for the distress; I've lost a dog—a valuable dog."

"When?" I demanded sharply.

"This morning," answered Priscilla. "I told Annie to take him for an airing in the Park, and somehow he got away from her."

"Too bad! A horrid shame!" said Carey.

"Yes, indeed!" I agreed. "Do you know, Carey, she had named the dog after you?"

"Why, Billy Cartwright, I hadn't any such thing!"

"I was sure you wrote me you'd named him Hamilton," I said. "Of course I jumped at the conclusion that Carey gave him to you. You did, didn't you, Carey?"

"I wasn't aware that Miss Crookshanks wanted a dog," said Carey, "or I should have given her one long ago."

"I tried to once," I confessed. "I asked her if she would accept a puppy, and her answer was: 'This is so sudden.' Discouraging, wasn't it?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Carey. "She thought you meant yourself. Ha, ha! Rather neat, old man!"

"Uncommonly neat," I assented. "Of course we'll try and find your dog for you, Priscilla."

"Of course we will," said Carey. "What kind of dog was it, and what was its name?"

"It was a Boston terrier," answered Priscilla; "something like yours, Carey, only better bred."

"Oh, I say!" protested Carey. "Mine is one of the best-bred dogs in America; he took a blue ribbon at the last Dog Show."

"And its name was Nipper," continued Priscilla, with a side glance at me.

"Nipper?" I repeated. "What a charming name!"

"Sounds as if it would bite," said Carey.

"Oh, no!" said Priscilla. "It was the most affectionate dog I ever saw."

"How's your arm?" I asked wickedly.

"Did he bite your arm?" demanded Carey. "The vicious brute! Mark my words: you're well rid of him."

"How unkind of you, Mr. Hamilton. It was just a love nip. Besides, it helps to remind me of my dear lost dog. You'll both help me find him, won't you?"

"I would go to the ends of the earth for you," said Carey majestically.

"I'll turn New York upside down if it's necessary," I proclaimed.

"You're both as sweet as you can be," said Priscilla, "and if you'll only find Nipper for me I'll love you to my dying day."

"I shall work as man never worked before for reward," Carey declared.

"I'll find the pup," I stated briefly. "But, first, you must give us a proper description of him, Priscilla."

"Yes, that's right," said Carey, taking a pencil and notebook from his pocket.

"How much did Nipper weigh?" I asked.

"About fifty pounds," said Priscilla; "at least, I think he did."

"Did he wear a collar?"

"Yes," answered Priscilla. "It had spikes on it—like the collar on your dog, Carey."

"What were his markings?"

"He had four white feet."

"Don't you mean white forefeet?" I asked, determined to be fair, and give Carey his chance.

"Yes, that's it—white forefeet, and a sunburst of white on his forehead about the size of a dollar. The rest of him was regular Boston terrier color."

"Was your name on the collar?" Carey inquired.

"Unfortunately, it wasn't, nor Nipper's name, either. Of course you'll advertise."

"Well, rather!" I said.

"In the Herald," said Carey.

"In all the morning papers," I announced.

"In the Telegram," said Carey.

"In all the evening papers," I declared.

"It's awfully good of you," cooed Priscilla. "I don't know what I should have done without you."

"The dog isn't found yet," I warned.

"It's as good as found," boasted Carey.

"I'm sure you'll find it, Mr. Hamilton," said Priscilla. "I hate to speed the parting guest, but you two men really ought to think about going. There's plenty of work ahead of you, what with advertising and hunting for poor dear Nipper. You'll report progress to me now and then, won't you, Mr. Hamilton? If you're too busy to come to the house, Billy, you can either write or telephone. Now toddle along, my gentle knights; here's a chance to gird on your armor and rescue a puppy in distress. Be good to Nipper when you find him, Mr. Hamilton. Don't run into any windmills, Billy. Good-by."

V

"YOU have the beginnings of a first-class dog show outside," I said, pointing to the street.

"Thanks to you," said Priscilla grimly, "or to your advertisement, rather. The doorbell has been ringing ever since seven o'clock this morning; forty dogs have been shown to James—and they're still coming!"

"No doubt of it," I said. "I passed nine or ten on the avenue, all headed this way. But you're wrong in holding me responsible; if you'll remember, my advertisement read: 'Address all communications to Box 62, University Club.'"

"Then it was Carey Hamilton who so thoughtfully supplied the public with my house number."

"It must have been," I said. "I saw his notice in this morning's Herald. But you really oughtn't to blame him, you know; he wouldn't recognize Nipper if he were to see him on the street, and James would."

"Just the same, it's very tiresome to have one's front steps turned into a dog-kennel," said Priscilla. "As if it wasn't enough to have lost poor dear Nipper! Do tell me what you've done about finding him, Billy."

"Well, I've set my man, Jenkins, on the trail, and I've done some tall thinking since I saw you. No Nipper yet, but I still hope."

"I'm sure Carey Hamilton has done more than that."

"He has; he has hired a detective."

"Not really! A detective! Goodness, Billy, it's just like a story!"

"A detective-story."

"Nonsense! It seems to me, Billy, you might be better employed than loafing here. Why don't you do as Carey is doing, and put more heart into looking for Nipper? It would be more graceful on your part. Besides, I love a man of action."

"I love action, too."

"In others."

"Exactly, Priscilla—though I can't see where the action comes in in Carey's case; it seems to me the detective is the busy man there."

"But of course Carey talks things over with him, and they plan, and scheme, and find clews and things."

"Everything but dogs," I agreed.

"That's hateful of you, Billy, when you know how I'm suffering about Nipper. I do miss him so! He was such a companion."

"Let me see, you had owned him a whole day and a half when you lost him, hadn't you?"

"That's all, but I think you're horrid to throw it in my face."

"Perhaps it wasn't altogether decent of me."

"It was shameful! And I must say, from your present treatment of me, that I'm grateful, extremely grateful, that I'm not engaged to you, Billy."

"Oh, but you are!"

"Prove it."

"I've proved it!" I announced triumphantly.

"A kiss proves nothing," said Priscilla—"that's one of the nicest things about them."

"And nothing proves a kiss," I said, "another point in their favor."

"We're a couple of sentimental geese, Billy, sitting here and talking of kisses."

"Mere words," I said. "I like a man of action."

"You're so clumsy! And now you're tangled in my lace, just as poor Nipper was day before yesterday. I wish you wouldn't remind me of him, Billy—it's unkind. But do you honestly feel cut up about Nipper, Billy?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"Well, if you'll be good, and go now, you may come to-morrow afternoon."

"I'll be good as gold. Do you know, Priscilla, I have a presentiment that I'll find Nipper before I see you again?"

"You'll do nothing of the kind—though I only wish you would, Billy. My poor, lost lamb!"

"Poor, lost lamb," I repeated. "It's like the Scriptures, isn't it? But if your lamb is lost, it's the only one in town that is; the other ninety-and-nine are safe on the sidewalk in front of the house. Hear 'em howl—dear little things!"

"Billy Cartwright, you grow more unbearable each day! Now go, before I lose all love for you."

"All right, my dear, I'll go. But I'd like to step into Dad's study and telephone before I leave. May I?"

"Certainly, Mr. Cartwright."

"And Priscilla, love——"

"What is it, Billy?"

"I'll let myself out by the side door—the side door, understand."

VI

"OH, BILLY, Nipper is lost!" wailed Priscilla, meeting me at the drawing-room door with a tragic face.

"Has been for three days," I corrected.

"No, he hasn't," she faltered.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you see, I thought—that is, it seemed——" she stammered.

"You thought it seemed," I encouraged. "Go on."

"The fact is, Billy, Nipper wasn't lost at all."

"The deuce he wasn't!"

"No, he was safe in the kitchen all the time. It was lots of fun while it lasted, but now he's really lost, and I don't know what to do."

"There's Carey's detective," I suggested.

"Don't be cruel, Billy!"

"It's you that's cruel: pitting me against Carey Hamilton in a wild-goose chase. I wouldn't have thought it of you, Priscilla."

"Nonsense!" said Priscilla. "I only aroused your sympathies—what few you have. And, if you want the truth, I believe you've known Nipper wasn't lost, all along."

"Perhaps I have."

"I'm sure you have."

"When did you miss him?" I asked.

"Last night after dinner. I went down to the kitchen to see him, and he was gone."

"Did you take Carey Hamilton with you?"

"Of course not, silly!"

"Perhaps you told him you were going to telephone," I suggested.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"I telephoned from Dad's study yesterday afternoon, if you'll remember," I said.

"Billy Cartwright!"

"Yes," I continued, "and, while I was telephoning, Nipper was asleep in the coal-scuttle in the kitchen."

"And you let yourself out the side door," said Priscilla.

"The kitchen door," I corrected.

"Billy Cartwright, you've stolen my dog! Go fetch him at once—at once, do you hear?"

"There, there! Don't make a scene, Priscilla. Your dog is lost—has been for three days. If you don't believe me, ask Carey Hamilton."

"You're a monster, a human monster!"

"Why not 'inhuman'? It sounds better."

"And it's more true: you're an inhuman monster, Billy, and if you don't send for my Nipper at once I'll—I'll—break our engagement!"

"You've done that already. Carey Hamilton told me so yesterday at the club."

"He didn't! He couldn't have!"

"Couldn't he, though? He announced his engagement to you, at lunch, and accepted my congratulations most complacently."

"How dared he!"

"Just what I asked myself. Maybe you can solve the riddle."

"It's too funny for words. So he really believes I've accepted him. Poor Carey!"

"Poor Billy!" I said.

"Nothing of the sort," said Priscilla. "I'm not engaged to anybody, Billy. Who could believe a man could be so stupid?"

"He must have had some reason for thinking it," I said.

"He hadn't, Billy—not a jot."

"You might tell me what happened, you know."

"Nothing happened. He didn't even try to kiss me."

"How ungallant!"

"Yes, wasn't it?"

"I'm still at sea as regards particulars," I suggested.

"It was nothing—nothing at all," said Priscilla. "Carey asked me if I liked rings, and I said I adored them. Then he asked what kind I liked best, and I said diamonds, of course."

"I gave you a ruby, Priscilla."

"I'll Tell Everybody that Dad Gave it to Me for a Birthday Present"

"That's why I said diamonds, Billy. I don't want two rubies."

"Go on."

"That's all—only he asked if he might bring some rings to show me next time he called, and I told him I'd love to see them."

"What a subtile way of proposing!"

"Carey is awfully subtile—and so handsome."

"And now he thinks he's engaged to you! How amusing! How frightfully, fiendishly amusing!"

"I'm sure I'm glad you think so."

"Oh, yes; I never was so amused in my life!"

"I'm not: I'm bored to death, and I want Nipper, Billy. If you don't send for him this minute I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"Don't be hysterical, Priscilla. Nipper will be found—I give you my word he will."

"When?"

"To-morrow, perhaps. Carey's detective is very clever, I understand."

"Carey's detective, indeed! What has he to do with it?"

"Carey has offered him two hundred dollars to find Nipper, and he's a poor man."

"And a poor detective, no doubt."

"Quite so. He's a poor detective, and he's working for that two hundred dollars."

"I'm sure I hope he gets it."

"I've a presentiment that he will. Yes, Priscilla, I have a presentiment that Carey's detective is going to find Nipper."

VII

"AH, THE prodigal has returned," I said, as I beheld Nipper lying on a sofa-cushion under the tea-table next afternoon.

"The prodigal has been returned," corrected Priscilla.

"Has been returned, Cartwright," said Carey Hamilton, nodding importantly.

"Thanks to Mr. Hamilton," said Priscilla.

"You're a lucky man, Carey," I declared. "How did you do it?"

"Perseverance," said Carey. "If one only perseveres one generally gets what one wants in this world, I find."

"That's good news for me," I said. "I hope it's true."

"I think I've proved the assertion by producing Nipper," Carey replied.

"Indeed you have," declared Priscilla. "Mr. Hamilton was on the point of relating his adventures when you came in, Billy."

"I'm dying to hear them," I said.

"So am I," said Priscilla. "Please go on, Mr. Hamilton."

"You'll admit it wasn't a very promising case," Carey began. "To find a dog you'd never seen, in a city the size of New York, might well have daunted a less determined man."

"'Twould have puzzled a Sherlock Holmes," I said. "I understand that part perfectly, old man; I was working on the case myself, you know."

"You are most kind," said Carey. "But to return to my story: the first step toward finding Nipper was, obviously, to employ a competent detective. With that idea in view, I consulted my lawyer, who recommended, on my relating the circumstances and object of my quest, a certain Mr. Sparrow, with whom I immediately communicated by telephone. Need I add that Sparrow proved to be a faithful and capable fellow? Hardly. Nipper's presence demonstrates that. Therefore, in justice to all concerned, your gratitude for Nipper's return, Miss Crookshanks, should not be invested in myself alone: my lawyer who recommended Sparrow, and Sparrow himself, are equally worthy of your consideration."

"I hope you'll thank them for me," replied Priscilla.

"Clever chap, that Sparrow," I said. "But you haven't told us yet where Nipper was found."

"That's the wonderful part of it," Carey declared. "In some way, Sparrow informed himself of Nipper's birthplace."

"The Dog Star Kennels," I interrupted.

"Exactly. And with his knowledge of dogs, which I'm sure does him the greatest credit, Sparrow conceived the idea that Nipper possessed the—er—homing instinct."

"Nipper, my pigeon!" cooed Priscilla.

"Your bird-dog in disguise," I chuckled.

"And Sparrow was right," Carey concluded triumphantly.

"It's as good as a play," said Priscilla, "and it has ended happily, too. I hardly need assure you of my undying gratitude, Mr. Hamilton."

"Your undying affection," I corrected. "That was what she promised, wasn't it, Carey?"

"It was affection, I'm sure," Carey answered.

"Believe me, it's yours, Mr. Hamilton," said Priscilla. "And I'd love to reward you by asking you to stay to dinner—only I'm dining out."

"Only she's dining out," I repeated.

"But I know you'll take the will for the deed, Mr. Hamilton."

"I'm sure he will," I said.

"Of course I will," he declared.

"If I were dining at home I wouldn't invite you, Billy."

"We're both dining at the Plantagenet Browns," I explained.

"So we are," said Priscilla.

"I am, too," said Carey.

"Yes, you're to take in Miss Morton," I agreed. "Too bad, old man, but you'll be seated miles away from us."

"From us? Who's us?" demanded Priscilla.

"From Miss Crookshanks and Mr. William Patterson Cartwright," I replied.

VIII

"HOW did you manage it, Billy?" asked Priscilla, as we sank into our chairs before Mrs. Plantagenet Brown's festive board that evening.

"Mrs. Planty is a dear," I explained.

"I hope you didn't tell her we were engaged, Billy."

"Perhaps I didn't," I returned.

"Because we're not, you know," she continued.

"That's a beautiful ruby you're wearing, Miss Crookshanks."

"Dad gave it to me on my birthday," said Priscilla.

"Which is next month. Let me see, you'll be——"

"Twenty-two."

"I thought it was twenty-four."

"It *was* twenty-four, Billy, but it *is* twenty-two."

"There's a vast difference between *is* and *was*."

"Only two years. But that reminds me—I've got something awfully important to tell you."

"Why didn't you tell me this afternoon?"

"I couldn't very well," said Priscilla, glancing across the table at Carey Hamilton, who was doing his best to be nice to Miss Morton. "The fact is, Billy, I received a letter this morning from Lord Grimwood's sister, Lady Maud."

"Very interesting," I admitted, "but hardly important."

"Just wait till I'm through," warned Priscilla. "Lady Maud is on her way home from Japan, and will arrive here to-morrow."

"We must give her a good time while she's in town," I said.

"She's sailing the next day," continued Priscilla, "and Sally has cabled that she and Lord Grimwood expect me on the same boat."

"Are you going?" I demanded grimly.

"Of course I'm going. There, didn't I tell you it was important?"

"This is a nice time and place to tell me, Priscilla."

"Just what I thought. I hate a scene."

"Perhaps your father won't consent."

"He has already consented—at least, I've told him I'm going. Dad's only objection, all along, has been my not having a proper companion for the trip. That's where Lady Maud steps in, you see."

"It's preposterous, and it's unkind."

"It is a little sudden. I'm sorry for you, Billy."

"I'm sorry for myself. But there's still time for us to be married before you go, Priscilla."

"Time enough! Why, man, there's only two days."

"It only takes ten minutes."

"It takes clothes," said Priscilla—"heaps of clothes."

"I'll buy you all you want in Paris."

"But I'm going to England; besides, it is not to be thought of. I'll be back in the fall, though, Billy; so cheer up."

"You'll bring back a Lord, or Earl, or something."

"A Duke or nothing, Billy; a Duke is none to good for me."

"None of them are good enough. You're not really going to leave me behind, Priscilla?"

"I'm afraid I am, Billy."

"You don't care."

"Yes, I do. I'm awfully fond of you, Billy."

"Does Carey Hamilton know you're going?"

"Of course not."

"Well, that's some comfort."

"And I'm going to leave Nipper with you, Billy; he'll remind you of me."

"He'll remind me more of Carey and his detective."

"You got the best of me there. How did you know Nipper wasn't lost?"

"I suspected it from the first."

"But how did you know?"

"I got in ahead of you with James."

"Of course I told James not to breathe a word."

"I asked him where Nipper was, the afternoon he was officially lost—you didn't hear me, for you were talking to Carey. Naturally, James told the truth."

(Concluded on Page 20)

THE QUEST *of the* COLONIAL

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

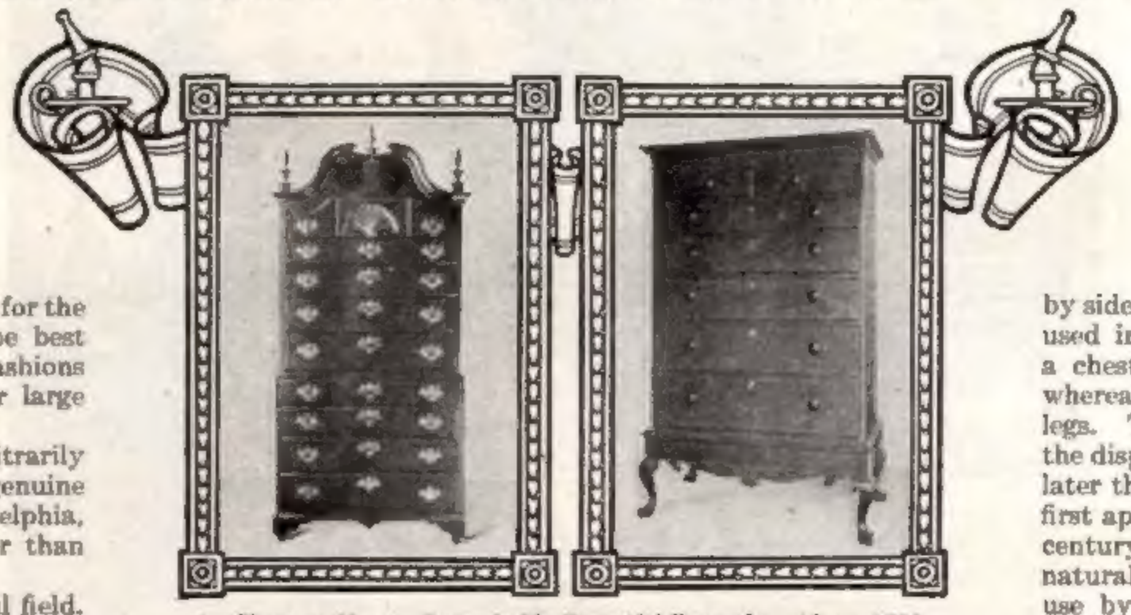
PHILADELPHIA, DELAWARE AND VIRGINIA

FOR the lover of the old, the sign of ancient furniture always possesses a potential attraction, whether it be represented by the "Antichita" of a back street in Perugia, the "Anciens Meubles" of Tours, or the "Antiques" of Fourth Avenue or Pine Street.

On our own side of the water, antiques—of all things—are apt to run in fashions, although fashion is supposed to have nothing to do except with the things of to-day. But the real collector cares nothing for the passing fashion, and is therefore likely to be best pleased with the out-of-the-way shops where fashions are unknown. In Philadelphia, as in other large cities, these are tucked away in odd corners.

Not that the large shops are to be arbitrarily avoided. One may find there precisely the genuine bit he has been searching for. And in Philadelphia, as an average, prices are likely to range lower than in New York.

Philadelphia and its vicinity offer a fruitful field. A loan exhibition given in the Germantown quarter of the city, only a few years ago—it was in 1902—gave some indication of the prodigious number of old pieces still preserved. After all, it need not be wondered at. For in that section there is an imposing array of Colonial homes, and the entire city is a city of ancestry. Not only, therefore, did all the exhibits have a local habitation, but many were connected with historical names. There was profusion of old silver and pewter, of brass and china; there was profusion of swell-front chests, of pieces of inlay and marquetry, of pieces of oak and walnut and cherry and mahogany. Naturally, too, there



1—Chest-on-Chest. Remarkably Beautiful Example. About 1780.
2—Highboy, About 1770. As Distinguished from Chest-on-Chest

were fine specimens of the Windsor chair, Philadelphia being the city in which that style of chair was first made in this country, not long after King George the First established its vogue in England.

One knows that the field must be broad in which there are such gleanings, and so the quest of old-time furniture hereabouts has the constant fascination of probable success.

When the breaking up of some old family, or the death of its last representative, brings about the dispersion of old furniture, and the goods are to be sold, it is not customary, as it is in New York, to hold the sale at a shop, but in the old house itself.

In the numberless little trips which may be made in the vicinity of Philadelphia the impression of the existence of a great quantity of old-time material, in private houses and in shops, is confirmed.

At a town upon the Delaware, less than an hour by rail from the city, we found a curious little wistful-faced, droop-shouldered man; silent, rather; almost shy, indeed. His shop seemed to have but little in it. A few candlesticks, a piece or two of mahogany, some china which, if one were disposed to be captious, might scoffingly be set down as modern reproduction.

At first the man was torpidly indifferent; but we knew of him by reputation and therefore knew that there was more to him and to his ancient furnishings than appeared upon the surface. But nothing had given a hint of what was really to come.

Slowly he thawed; slowly he perceived that he was talking with some one who appreciated and cared; and he led the way into a long and narrow room behind his little shop. It was full of treasures; and then he led the way upstairs, through his living rooms, and into apartments filled to overflowing with ancient things, and in which old cupboards and secretary drawers hid quantities of glasses and genuine deep blue china.

Down the street we went with him, and through a passageway, into a cold and drafty barn crowded full with antiquities.

In one of the dark corners stood, side by side, a highboy and a chest-on-chest, names often used interchangeably, although, properly speaking, a chest-on-chest comes practically to the ground, whereas a highboy leaves sufficient space for cabriole legs. The highboy was one with steps on its top for the display of china, and in appearance was not much later than the date at which this article of furniture first appeared, about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The chest-on-chest was of a later date; naturally enough, as, although there were a few in use by 1750, they did not become at all common before the time of the Revolution. Everything was as he had obtained it; nothing had been repaired, nothing restored. But, in spite of a glad willingness to show his wares to those who would appreciate, it was clear enough that his personal desire, apart from needful considerations, would be to hoard and not to sell.

If one is to consider all of Pennsylvania as being in the vicinity of Philadelphia, it opens a wide field. One may explore the south and west of Pennsylvania with deep pleasure in the exploration and with satisfaction in results; but it is not positively needful that one should go so far; there is much to be had within easy distance of the city.

Fine Example of Pre-Revolutionary Settee. Cabriole Legs with Shell Ornamentation. A Piece with Unusual Curves. In the Collection at Stenton

Settee Owned by John Hancock; Really a Double Chair. Chippendale Form. Walnut Wood. In the Collection at Worcester, Massachusetts

We wandered at random, one autumn day, through a charming inland town, some twenty-five miles from Philadelphia. Old trees shaded the old houses and old-fashioned flowers bloomed in the old gardens.

We turned a corner, rounding a large and comfortable house, and saw, standing within a porch of generous proportions, at the side, a thin and fluttery elderly little Quakeress. She was talking with a townsman, who was halting with reluctant feet, looking back longingly at a bundle of magazines which he had just set down and trying to overcome his cautious frugality.

"Thee may take them or leave them, just as thee chooses," said the little Quaker lady, bringing the incident to a close with a mild peremptoriness under which the man went shamefacedly away.

It was evident that at this house, although there was no sign or announcement, something was being sold. If one thing, why not another? And it was a charming house, with charming possibilities.

And so one of us stepped inside, and the Quakeress stood smiling a greeting from the top of the few steps.

"Can you tell me if any one in this town has a claw-footed sofa, and would be willing to part with it?"

"We have one here, and are willing to sell it to thee," was the reply.

She asked us in, and called her husband.

And we saw, directly facing us, set in front of a closed fireplace, precisely such a sofa as we were in search of. In every particular it answered the requirements which we had in mind. It was eight feet long, inside measurement. It was done in dark leather, however, rather worn by years of use, instead of its original covering. It was a thing of perfect lines and curves. It had claw feet, and above them were elaborately broad and spreading wings. Each arm was in a superb double curve, and the faces of the arms were beautifully carved in acanthus leaves, with the carving narrowing and broadening to follow the changing line of the wood. The back was elaborately carved from end to end, with a charming interrupted roll in the middle. At each end, under the lower curve of the arm, was a space for one of the old-fashioned hard cylinder pillows—a fashion of much older date than this sofa, but revived a century ago—but we discarded the pillows, as the sofa was finer and in better proportion without them.

This sofa had been used by the two Quakers for thirty years, and before that had been in possession of the one from whom they obtained it for some forty-odd years; tracing back the pedigree, thus, to 1830. Previous to 1830 there is no record of it; but it could scarcely have been more than twenty years old at that time, as it is of early Empire style.

The Quakers showed us through their house; they had decided to sell what they had, and give up housekeeping, although they had been housekeeping all their married life. We went from room to room, and up waxed stairs, and saw old-time bits at every turn, on every side. And again we thought what quantities of old furniture still exist, when this house, found so entirely by lucky fortune, was but one out of many.

The sofa was not the only article that was obtained from them. We secured a highboy, well over the century mark in age, and worthy of its name, it being more than six feet high. It is of walnut, with wealth of drawers and of old brasses. Bandy-legged it is, and has web feet; web as distinguished from claw, the rib of the toes being indicated instead of completely carved; a style often used on fine old pieces from their being considered less breakable than the claw-and-ball.

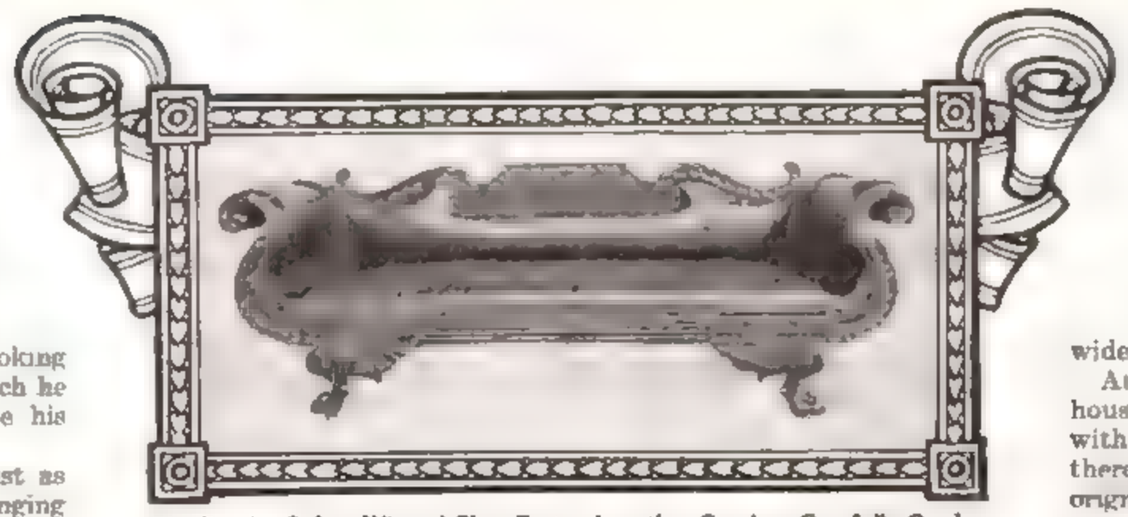
And now, here is the strangest part of a strange story. The two Quakers sold scarcely anything besides what they sold to us. Ready to dispose of their old treasures as they were, they were ready for a short time only. Whatever had turned them in that direction was so soon and so completely altered as to cause them to decide to keep their home and all their household goods, after all. Surely an old-furniture providence watches over the ardent collector.

They felt no regret for having sold to us; at least, if they did they stoutly maintained to the contrary, and they wished nothing undone that had been done. Only no more was to be sold, whether to ourselves or to any one else.

And we found that we had made two charming friends, of tastes congenial; friends whom it is a pleasure to meet and to hear from. "We were sorry to have missed you the other afternoon"—in such wise writes the old gentleman. "Come again; come again on the first day of the week. For in the Friends' calendar the first day of the week is consecrated to the social amenities."

In both the North and the South a great proportion of the furniture was made by native cabinet-makers, even before the Revolution; and after the war importation still more decreased.

In the South, however, the proportion of native-made furniture was never so great as in the North, and therefore in the South there is more probability of finding specimens of English, Dutch or French manufacture, more likelihood of picking up an English Chippendale or Sheraton or a French Empire instead of those of American make.



The Empire Sofa. Winged-Claw Feet. Acanthus Carvings Carefully Graduated. Fine Curves in Arms and Back. Eight Feet Inside Measurement

The lists of cabinet-makers of a century or more ago in the different cities do not, at first sight, seem to bear out the idea of a distinct difference in the two sections of the country in the matter of furniture-making, for comparison of the number of Charleston cabinet-makers with those of Boston, or those of New York with those of Baltimore, does not exhibit any marked difference. But the shops in the Northern cities averaged a larger size, or at least more of an annual output; and, more important than this, there were great numbers of makers of furniture scattered through a host of little towns and villages in New York and Pennsylvania and New England, whereas in the South there were comparatively few outside of the larger places.

A narrow and uncompromising critic, writing two hundred years ago of his impressions of Virginia, and not understanding that a region of plantations could not fairly be expected to manufacture as much as other parts of the country, complained bitterly of the Virginians that "though their country be overrun with wood, yet they have all their wooden ware from England—their cabinets, chairs, tables, stools, chests." Less of it remains than might be expected from the splendid furnishings recorded of some of the great houses. But those were the exceptions, and as an offset many a house went bare enough. After all, the greatest amount of old furniture, as a total, in the Northern States and Colonies, was in the homes of the middle class, which, practically, did not exist in the South.

That Washington, at Mount Vernon, had chairs alone that were valued at nearly seven hundred dollars, did not imply that Virginia was filled to overflowing with fine chairs.

And there is a grim reason why much of the splendid furniture that once existed in the South has disappeared—that is, the ravages of two wars. In this respect almost all of the South was more or less affected. Now and then a piece escaped destruction by a curious chance. A family in Charleston proudly preserves a fine bookcase whose drawers are not the original ones—those having been destroyed by the British, who used them as horse-troughs!

But in the South, in spite of the extirpatory experiences of war added to the usual wear and tear of time, there are great numbers of fine pieces still to be found. Even the most fortunate collector must not hope to come upon some piece of the seventeenth century, as he may still hope to do in New England; but he may find wide variety and richness of beauty.

And one must not confine his search only to houses of age or pretension. As with the man with the heirlooms in the cabin near the battlefield, there are things to be found in shabby places, the original houses having been destroyed, and in many a negro cabin there may be found some broken, almost worn-out, but still beautiful, specimen of attractive old furniture.

This came about with perfect naturalness. A piece of furniture past its usefulness, ready to be replaced by a new piece, would not be made into kindling, would not be put away in a corner of the barn. It would be passed ahead to favored slaves, just as coats and dresses were tossed to them. Most of the furniture so given away has been completely worn-out and destroyed, but enough remains to be a highly desirable object of search. And, besides what was given to the colored folk in the days of prosperity, they gathered and took to their huts many a piece when the mansions were looted and destroyed. Negroes are apt to be careless in breaking and handling furniture in their own homes, but at the same time they have a curious instinct for preserving things, even when broken, hence the value of this hint in regard to their possession of ancient pieces.

Although there is general harmony of style in the furniture of the North and the South, there are at the same time some interesting differences. New Orleans, though not so rich in the old as would be expected from its history and from the extent of its old French Quarter, still shows more of the furniture of Louis-Quinze and Louis-Seize than does any other part of the country. In the South there are more couch-chairs than in the North; these, the *chaise-longue* of the French, as distinguished from the chair or the bed, being long and narrow, with a piece like a chair-back at one end. In the South, too, there are more of what are known as double chairs, a self-descriptive name. In Virginia and Maryland one may sometimes find an Empire sideboard with a mirror at the back. There are more corner-cupboards in the South, with glass in the front of the lower half of the cupboard, than in the North; although it is not customary with Southerners to term them corner-cupboards, but beaufets or buffets; bo-fat being a customary local pronunciation in Virginia. The dinner-wagon, too, may be considered a Southern institution and name, it being a double-decker side-table.

Cupboard of the Kind Called in Virginia a Beaufet. Built into Wainscoted Wall. Above the Top Shelf the Wood is Ribbed in the Shape of a Shell

In a Virginia house, in the lower Shenandoah region, we came across an old lustre pitcher of unusual size. It held at least a quart and a pint, instead of being of the small capacity of most of the pitchers of this ware. The owner, an old man living solitary there, was glad to sell it for a dollar.

But, noticing something in the bottom, beneath the accumulated dust of years, it was taken out and handed to him. It was a piece of linen lace and a pair of knitting-needles.

A change came over the old man's face. He spoke in a low voice, with a sort of awe. "This is what my wife was working on when ——" And as he turned the pieces over, and looked at them and at the pitcher in which they had so long been hidden, his mind was busy with the past. It was clear, too, that he would be heartbroken at losing, now, that old pitcher which his wife had used for that final putting away: a putting away which was to have been but for an hour or two! He did not ask that we consider the sale unmade; but when the pitcher was offered to him again he eagerly grasped it, with a grievous sort of joy.

In the vicinity of old Smithfield, that little town famous for its hams, and its church by Sir Christopher Wren, there are many pieces to be found. And, indeed, the whole region round about Williamsburg, the early capital of the Commonwealth, repays a search. It is fitting that in a town where there is a "Palace Green," and a "Duke of Gloucester Street," there should still be some of the fine old houses; it is fortunate that this ancient Colonial region was not so greatly harried and burned in the Civil War. And a most slender-legged Heppelwhite side-table, with a charming curve, discovered upon the side-porch of a house, with a water bucket set upon it, shows that here, as in so many places, it is a matter of keeping ever on the alert.

It was from a negro cabin hereabouts that we secured a good brass candlestick.

"But isn't there a pair of them?"

"Yes, suh," the young negro woman drawled, "but it's in the pickle barrel."

"Lost, you mean?"

(Concluded on Page 21)

A SUPREME COURT LEAK

Love and the Market—and the United States *vs.* The Seaboard Transit and Service Corporation

By WILL PAYNE

"The Old Boy was Walking, Chipper as a Lark"

SHE was young, impulsive and very much in love. She knew she oughtn't to do it; but knowing that did not put down the thrill in her pulses or still the voice of her willful heart, which scorned her for being stingily circumspect when she might give him happiness. Besides, for both of them, so much depended upon it.

Walking across the room again, she chanced to see her image in the mirror, and at once said to herself reprovingly: "Betty, you mustn't think of it!" She tried to hold fast to the concept of herself—which the image had evoked—as a grown-up young lady in a dinner-gown; not a very tall or bulky young lady, and evidently, from the dark hair and eyes, of an ardent temperament, still with all the responsibility of having reached years of discretion.

As she turned away she put the tip of her finger against her lips, very much as she used to do when the algebra proved elusive. She was a bit discouraged over herself because of the rash impulse that had been teasing her. And then—for reproof always tended to make her headstrong—she let the impulse have her. She *was* grown up; therefore entitled to take her fate in her own hands.

Out in the rather heavy and funereal hall—the house was old-fashioned, with a brownstone front and all the ponderously respectable gloom that commonly goes with brownstone fronts—she paused, listening, burglar-like. All was still, however, as it should have been. With a swift little dip of her trim, lithe body she caught up her skirts and ran fleetly up the stairs. Her hand darted to the switch that turned on the electrics, and she slipped into a bedroom, leaving the door open. The lights in the hall only half-illuminated it, yet she quickly found what she wanted—a pair of trousers, soberly gray in color, of large girth and a trifle baggy at the knees. They had been tossed across the foot of the bed, and their limp folds yielded with a kind of pathetic helplessness to her pink-tipped and larcenous fingers. The capacious right-hand pocket held some loose change and a bunch of keys.

With the keys in her hand she flew up the second flight of stairs, and entered the room which occupied the front of the third story. The lights, when she turned them on, revealed it as a study, with a belittered writing-table over near the windows. The ways of the house were as instincts to her. She did not even glance at the litter on the table, but sat down and applied a key to the right-hand drawer of the table. The contents had been dumped into the drawer with a disorderly hand. There were half a dozen paper-bound pamphlets, with considerable printing on the front covers. But she did not bother with them. Her fingers went straight for the sheets of legal-cap paper, scrawled over in a hand that was simply abominable; and in a moment she had them in orderly sequence on the table.

The hand was not only incredibly bad, but the writing was a mere series of broken memoranda, with blind abbreviations, and everything in the way of an article left out. Betty could read it, however, and did, with shining eyes—a small crease occasionally coming in the middle of her brow and staying there until she scrambled over the obstruction. It took her, perhaps, ten minutes. Then she whipped the sheets and pamphlets back into the drawer, locked it and shook the handle to see that it was secure. A quick glance around the room assured her that all was as before. She turned out the lights, ran down, replaced the keys in their supine receptacle, darkened the second hall and again descended

In fact, all was done so rapidly that, when she stood once more in the parlor, it half-seemed to her that she hadn't done it at all. In that odd instant she found Miss Betty Pettigrew's image staring at her, with rather frightened eyes and with parted lips. Perhaps something about the defenseless emptiness of the house impressed her; and she might have thought it all over carefully—but just then she heard the maid go pattering down the hall to the front door, and the next moment she could not withhold herself from the joke of his standing out there in the hall, taking off his hat and coat and, so to speak, mentally smoothing himself down and primping himself up to meet Parents, when, in fact, only she, all alone, was there.

So when he entered she bowed and tried to make her voice a throaty bass in saying: "How do you do, Richard? How do you do?"

Graham was older than she; but that did not help him a great deal, for he still had pretty much her own young, gay-hearted, heedless outlook upon life.

The thing was in her mind even while she chattered and laughed—indeed, it gave a deeper light to her eye, a happier lilt to her voice. For it had become perfectly clear and simple. It was only for Dick that she was doing it, which was the same as one's right hand helping one's left; something so natural and inevitable that not to do it would be abnormal.

"I'll tell you some news—something I know and you don't." She stooped toward him, lifting her pretty chin. "You're a real lawyer!" As he waited for the nub of the joke, she dropped her hand upon his and spoke low, as one speaks of things that are most dear: "The decision is in your favor, and it's won exactly on your point, too!"

"Really, Betty?" he breathed incredulously.

"True, Dick! The case is won exactly on the point you raised. That ought to help!"

The gayety had vanished. Not at all that they were less happy, but because the happiness had passed to its higher power that, as much as sorrow, makes laughter incongruous. Graham himself was fairly awestricken. It had been only by the rarest good luck—and the indulgence of a friend of his father—that he, a mere youngster, had been given a chance to make one of the arguments before the Supreme Court in a case so important as that of the Government against the Seaboard Transit and Service Corporation. The big lawyers, upon whom the company entirely relied, had treated his "point" with good-natured tolerance. It wouldn't do any harm for a yealy but promising youth to tell the Court that it had no jurisdiction because so much of the business of the company was within States instead of inter-State. While they hurled their formidable harpoons at the whale in the case, young, likable Graham might as well be innocently angling for a gudgeon. It had rather been implied that, if this vital case were won, Graham was to have a pretty good berth in the extensive legal department of the Seaboard Transit and Service Corporation. But if he himself had actually won the case! . . . Well, he could see the berth extending and taking on trappings of price. And that meant Betty!

"And I Says to Myself: 'The Decision is Against the Government!'"

The manner in which foreknowledge of the decision had come to him appeared in a perfectly clear, simple light. It was something Betty had done for him out of her love and courage and generosity; something that showed anew her complete trust in him—Betty, who had always stood by him like a brick; who had declared all along that his argument was the best of them all—while his mind was full of modest doubts on the subject.

"It means a whole lot, girl—most of all because it means you!" he said, very gravely—even a bit unsteadily. He realized her then as the heart tender, yet brave, that would steadfastly help him fight his battle with life—with a firmer will and higher courage than he had. And he felt his own unworthiness as humbly as a man so helplessly in love should.

"We must trot along," she warned. "It wouldn't do to be even a minute late when they left me to bring you single-handed."

The distance was only two blocks, so they walked. Out-of-doors, under the stars, their gayety returned. They took to building their house extravagantly. "Let's be stuck up and purse-proud," she suggested.

He laughed, care-free. "I'll tell you! I'll pitch in and buy up a lot of Seaboard debentures! When the decision comes out it will put them up a dozen points! We'll make a bundle of money!"

"Then we can have an asthmatic butler like Fairfield's," she returned. "He someway seems the highest-priced one I know of!"

The Hand was Not Only Incredibly Bad, but the Writing was a Mere Series of Broken Memoranda

II

SOME of the day's inevitable grist of visitors to the Capitol, having looked down upon the empty House of Representatives, observed the bored Vice-President and six inattentive Senators passing a batch of private pension bills, tried the echo and stood upon the spot where Adams fell, at length tentatively approached the small, dark door surmounted by the arms of the nation. The seated attendant pulled the cord that opened the door, and they tiptoed gingerly in, hats in hand. They found themselves facing a tall screen. But when, obedient to the finger of another mute guardian, they stole breathlessly to right or left toward such seats as might be vacant on the curving benches for spectators, and so passed the obstructing screen, they were rewarded by a view of the Supreme Court of the United States in session.

Few of them stayed long. They could not hear the words of the distinguished attorney who was arguing the Milwaukee Riparian Rights case, and could not have understood them had they heard. The justices, in their silken robes, ranged behind the bench which occupied the base line of the small, semicircular chamber, appeared to have little more use for what the distinguished attorney was saying than the visitors had. Two of them were diligently reading paper-bound pamphlets like the one Betty had found. Another was laboriously making notes out of his pamphlet. Two were whispering together. A stout justice rested his head against the high back of his chair and shut his eyes, with an effect of extreme exhaustion. One, at the end of the bench, resting his elbow upon it and leaning his cheek against his palm, seemed to have resigned himself to hearing the attorney rumble. It was at him, evidently, that the attorney pecked in his palm with his thumb and forefinger.

Of course, the Court and the attorney were aware that what he said made no difference at all, as all of his arguments were contained in the printed briefs which he submitted, upon which briefs the Court would make up its opinions long after it had blissfully forgotten whatever it happened to have heard of the oral argument. There was a fair chance, however, that the attorney's client was not aware of it and so would submit more gracefully to the charge of $2000 for the rumbling and palm-pecking.

In any event, it was not the business of the Court, and the Court had something else to think about. A very disturbing thing had happened. The New York Planet of that morning devoted its front page to a bold and double-leaded criticism of the Court. Other branches of the Government were criticised freely and chronically; attacking them, in fact, was a sort of journalistic stock in trade; but not this mighty tribunal whose silken robe enfolded one-third of the powers of Government, and the most conclusive third. Its powers were so great and definitive; in its hundred and twenty years it had borne itself with such conspicuous integrity that it sat serenely above the accusatory flood wherewith a free people reminded its other servants of their servitude. So it was as sensitive to criticism as a woman where her reputation is concerned, or a young author about his first published poem.

The Planet's attack, of course, had not been frontal—for not even a Planet dare directly invite the Court's wrath—but a flank movement. Its headline was, "The Supreme Court Leaks," and it proceeded to demonstrate that Wall Street had foreknowledge of the Court's decision in the Seaboard Transit and Service case.

The Court's decision, it found, was officially given out at noon Monday. But when the Stock Exchange opened at ten o'clock a big buying of Seaboard debentures had begun, and a "tip" had been handed around to certain brokerage houses that the Court was about to give a judgment in favor of the company and against the Government. The Planet discovered and reproduced a telegram which one of these houses had sent to its Chicago correspondent about eleven o'clock. The telegram read:

"Buy some Seaboard debentures. The Supreme Court is going to decide in favor of the company. We get this straight from Washington connections."

The Chicago house had carelessly posted the telegram along with other market "tips" and gossip, so the newspaper men had seen it. From ten o'clock until noon Seaboard debentures had advanced nine points. Moreover, there had been what the Street called "good buying" of them the Saturday before. The Planet gravely pointed out how highly scandalous it was that the Stock Exchange gamblers should have foreknowledge of the Court's decisions; how certain this was eventually to lead to public suspicion of the Court's integrity than which, in the Planet's opinion, nothing could be more lamentable and disastrous. For the public to lose its implicit confidence in the integrity of the Supreme Court would be to weaken the very corner-stone of our system of government; and although the Planet had a most reverential respect for the Court as a whole, it thought that some certain members of it, who had evidently been careless about this matter of the Seaboard decision and so laid the great tribunal open to criticism, deserved, in their individual capacities, the severest censure. It added that this was by no means the first instance. In some other cases—notably the recent Pipe Lines case—Wall Street had evidently acted upon foreknowledge of a forthcoming decision, as the movement of the stocks that were affected thereby had shown.

Thus a general air of irritation and gloom pervaded the Bench. Each justice experienced the unwonted and intolerable sense of having been suddenly hoisted into a public pillory. There was no justice to whom the idea of carelessness on the part of a colleague in such a matter as this was not distressing; none to whom the notion of any outright knavery was not horrible. Yet the Planet's facts were pretty conclusive; and the nine sat in the unhappy

"I'll Take My Oath, Here and Now, that So Far as I Know Every Justice of the Supreme Court is as Straight as a String"

consciousness of a daub, a nasty yellow smear, upon the great robe of the Court.

Justice O'Brien glowered steadily at his brief. His heart was torn. He had incautiously expressed the opinion, to Chairman Johnson, that the Attorney-General was an ass, and that he had bungled especially in the Seaboard case. Was it possible that Johnson had drawn his own inference and "leaked"? Very stout Justice Mortimer—with his eyes closed—was three shades lighter than usual, and infinitely unhappy. On Sunday, in a too expansive moment, he had told his old chum, the Attorney-General, that the Seaboard decision was going to be against him. The Attorney-General's honor was unquestionable; but might he not have fatuously passed on the word to some chum less discreet? Moderately stout Justice Pettigrew made his notes in pain. He had written the decision. He could fairly stake his life upon the fidelity of the stenographer who had copied it, and that was exactly why it cut him so to be compelled to contemplate even a possibility that she had betrayed him.

And while the Court, with its distresses severally hidden beneath its black gowns, ground solemnly on, Betty Pettigrew and Richard Graham sat behind the solemn brownstone front in a misery still more acute.

She was pale as she bent forward and spoke to him with a kind of yearning, heart-broken earnestness:

"Of course, I know that's true, dear. I'd as soon think of your picking my father's pocket, or cutting my throat. I know that part of it. But I want you to think, Dick—to think it all over carefully—whether possibly, just from feeling gay and happy, you didn't let fall a little word or two that somebody might have got hold of and so pieced the thing out in his own mind and given the tip. Don't you see, dear, I must know just exactly—just exactly—where I stand?"

Graham, fairly as pale as herself, ran his fingers through his hair on both sides of his head, then closed them into fists and pulled hard—to stimulate his recollection. It was a method of mnemonics that he had practiced from grammar-school days.

"Betty, I'm just as clear and certain about it as I am that I'm alive. Can't you see, girl, a thing like that, that involved *you*—why, I simply couldn't have been careless if I'd wanted to! I told Bob Taylor, confidentially, when he joshed me on being so gay, that things were coming my way. That's exactly everything I said to him. Even with Bob I wouldn't go further than that! Of course, Betty, it's true that Bob knows all about how I'm fixed and what I've been hoping for—a berth with the Seaboard and all that. And whether he guessed about the decision and let out his guess to some of the fellows, or anything of that kind—of course, I can't tell." His face puckered, as he looked at her, with the helpless distress of not being able to tell.

"No. That's it, Dick," she said. "We can't tell. The fault is mine. I looked at the decision, and told you—like letting the genius out of the bottle, you know. After that there was no control over it. Somebody else might have told, too; but I couldn't say that I didn't do it." She bent forward, bowing her head and twisting her fingers together. "So I'm going to tell my father to-night."

She had grown up with the Court having, moreover, an imaginative woman's feeling for it. Its honor and dignity were a kind of religion to her. Administrations came and went. Congressmen blew by as autumn leaves. Queer fellows got even into the Senate, and frothed and evaporated. But the robed justices sat under the great shield unmoved, holding the scales. Her father's love and trust were of the vital air of her life. That anything might happen which would cause them to fail would, a week before, have been a notion as strange as the failure of the sun. She might have gone to him and said: 'Father, I have stolen all your money'; or: 'Father, I have burned the roof over your head,' and that would have been only an ordinary human deflection; something that was more or less to be expected as human chances ran, and to which one might therefore adjust one's self. But this betrayal of the decision stabbed him in his tenderest, most mortal spot—his honor as a justice.

To see a slim, graceful little person weep in utter and irremediable misery is unmanning at best. All that Graham could think of was that he wanted to die. He comprehended just what it meant to her. It was for his sake that she had done it; and he couldn't help her.

"Don't do it now, Betty," he pleaded brokenly. "Don't do it now. I"—he was going to say that he couldn't stand it; but he saved himself from that abject selfishness. "Somebody else did it. They'll find out. Wait a little."

This was paltering advice, and he knew it. He wanted to beg her to tell her father that he stole the decision—had even a crazy idea of telling the justice so himself.

Perhaps his brokenness steadied her a bit. She shook her head. "I shall tell him, Dick. It's right!"

The terror of its imminence gripped him afresh. "Wait a little, Betty! Let me try! I may find something—that will make it easier!" He had no clear idea; but only a wild desire to fend off the blow from her head.

The terror of its imminence was thundering at her heart, also, although she now held herself bravely. "Nothing can change it," she said. "I'll wait one day."

So far from lightening with the morrow, the situation grew more threatening, however. The Planet had another

front-page article about the "leak." Its investigations, it said, had disclosed strong—in fact, almost conclusive—circumstantial evidence that foreknowledge of the Seaboard decision had reached the Street through the Washington office of Wells & Co., stock brokers. This house had led in the buying of Seaboard debentures. The "tips" that other houses received seemed clearly traceable to it. Moreover, it was Wells & Co.'s New York office that had sent the message to the Chicago brokers. The Planet learned that Wells & Co. had been "right" on the Pipe Lines decision—that is, they had sold the securities heavily just before the Supreme Court handed down its sweeping opinion against the company. In the same way Wells & Co. had been "right," with conspicuous profit, on the Great Lakes Freight Bureau case a year or so before. The Street evidently believed that Wells & Co.'s Washington office had some secret source of information as to pending decisions of the Court.

The distressed justices felt that this was too pointed and circumstantial to be ignored; yet they shrank from the vulgarity of a formal investigation. It was all well enough for the House and Senate to investigate charges against themselves; but for the Supreme Court to do it was unprecedented. Still, something ought to be done. Several persons were consulted by several justices.

Practical Senator Brainbridge, to whom Justice Mortimer went, offered what seemed the most feasible plan. He knew Brock, the manager of the Washington office of Wells & Co. Suppose he have Brock up to his office and question him, quite informally—but with the sobering implication that if he didn't tell what he knew he might be haled before the Supreme Court and possibly sent to jail for the next hundred years or so. It was agreed that Mortimer and Pettigrew should be at the Senator's office and help in the questioning.

Manager Brock entered the Senator's office with the blithe air of one upon a pleasant and possibly profitable errand; but was visibly dashed by the sight of the two justices. The broker was an undersized and reddish gentleman, still on the sunny side of forty, with eyes that twinkled shrewdly behind his glasses, and a brisk yet sociable manner.

"Mr. Brock," said the Senator, with imperturbable suavity, "Justice Mortimer; Justice Pettigrew."

The silent handshaking which followed had something the air of that which takes place within the roped arena, when the champion, while going through the affable form, casually drops his eye to the solar plexus on which he means to land. Brock smiled a little, rather nervously. The grave faces of the justices were unresponsive. Pettigrew put his shaken hand in his coat-pocket and furtively wiped it on his handkerchief. The Senator, who meant to make the introductory speech, was waiting for the dramatic effect to sink in the broker's mind. But Brock himself broke the ice—he was habitually rapid at a recovery.

"Well, I suppose you gentlemen have got this Planet yarn on your minds," he said candidly, as he dropped into a chair.

As he addressed two-ninths of the Court, Justice Mortimer replied: "The articles in the Planet, Mr.—ah—Brock, have produced a very painful and, we think, a very injurious impression. If an impression should go abroad that, in any wise, the integrity of the Supreme Court was open to any imputation, it would, in our opinion, amount to a national calamity. The nine men in whose keeping the honor of the Court now happens to rest feel a very grave responsibility. They feel that, if any doing or omission of theirs should result in lowering the high and spotless character which the Court has borne for more than a century, it would be not merely dishonorable and disgraceful, but an act of treason of the most culpable sort."

"Brock," the Senator put in—perhaps in terms more level with the broker's habits of thought—"your office was 'right' on this decision. I want you to tell us where you got your 'tip.'"

The broker laid his fist demonstratively on the corner of the Senator's desk. "Senator Brainbridge, and you, too, gentlemen," he said, "so far as your thinking that I know of any crookedness in the Supreme Court, or anybody connected with it"—he strove a moment for a sufficiently strong term—"just forget it! I'll take my oath, here and now, that so far as I know every justice of the Supreme Court, and everybody connected with it, is as straight as a string. Yes, sir—so far as I know!"

There was no mistaking his earnestness; yet his form of expressing it was scarcely pleasing to the justices. "Yet you bought these securities and advised others to buy them on the strength of what the decision was going to be," said Pettigrew, and furtively wiped his hand again.

"That's true enough," said Brock frankly; and, relaxing to his customary sociable manner, he smiled genially as he added: "We made an almighty killin' on 'em, too. Did the same thing, you know, on the Pipe Lines case."

"How did you do it?" the Senator demanded plumply. "That's what the Court is bound to know. You'd better tell here than over yonder." He nodded in the general direction of the small, dark door surmounted by the national shield. "Tell *me*, Brock."

(Concluded on Page 23)

THE FIGHTING CHANCE

Decades Ago it Had Been Considered a Big House

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC.

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VIII

BY JANUARY the complex social mechanism of the metropolis was whirling smoothly again; the last ultra-fashionable December lingerer had returned from the country; those of the same caste outward bound for a Southern or exotic winter had departed; and the glittering machine, every part assembled, refurnished, repolished and connected, having been given preliminary speed-tests at the horse show, and a tuning up at the opera, was now running under full velocity; and its steady, subdued whir quickened the clattering pulse of the city, keying it to a sublimely syncopated ragtime.

Three phenomena particularly characterized that metropolitan winter: the reckless rage for private gambling; the incorporation of a company known as The Inter-County Electric Company, capitalized at a figure calculated to disturb nobody, and, so far, without any avowed specific policy other than that which served to decorate a portion of its charter which otherwise might have remained ornately and comparatively blank; the third phenomenon was the retirement from active affairs of Stanley S. Quarrier, the father of Howard Quarrier, and the election of the son to the presidency of the great Algonquin Loan and Trust Company, with its network system of dependent, subsidiary and allied corporations.

The day that the newspapers gave this interesting information to the Western world, Leroy Mortimer, on being bluntly notified that he had overdrawn his account with the Algonquin Loan and Trust, began telephoning in every direction until he located Beverly Plank at the Saddle Club—an organization of wealthy men, and sufficiently exclusive not to compromise Plank's possible chances for something better; in fact, the Saddle Club, into which Leroy Mortimer had already managed to pilot him, was one riser and tread upward on the stair he was climbing, though it was more of a lobby for other clubs than a club in itself. To be seen there was, perhaps, rather to a man's advantage, if he did not loaf there in the evenings or use it too frequently. As Plank carefully avoided doing either, Mortimer was fortunate in finding him there; and he crawled out of his hansom, saying that the desk clerk would pay, and entered the reading-room, where Plank sat writing a letter.

Beverly Plank had grown stouter since he had returned to town from Black Fells; but the increase of weight was evenly distributed over his six-feet-odd, which made him only a trifle more ponderous and not abdominally fat. But Mortimer had become enormous; rolls of flesh crowded his mottled ear-lobes outward and bulged above his collar; cushions of it padded the backs of his hands and fingers; shaving left his heavy, distended face congested and unpleasantly shiny. But he was as minutely groomed as ever, and he wore that satiated air of prosperity which had always been one of his most important assets.

The social campaign inaugurated by Leila Mortimer in behalf of Beverly Plank had, so far, received no serious reverses. His box at the horse show, of course, produced merely negative results; his box at the opera might mean something some day. His name was up at the Lenox and the Patroons; he had endowed a ward in the new pavilion of St. Berold's Hospital; he had presented a fine Gainsborough—the Countess of Wythe—to the Metropolitan Museum; and it was rumored that he had consulted several bishops concerning a new chapel for that huge bastion of the citadel of Faith looming above the metropolitan wilderness in the north.

So far, so good. If, as yet, he had not been permitted to go where he wanted to go, he at least had been instructed where not to go and what not to do; and he understood how much longer it takes to shuffle in by way of the back door than to sit on the front steps and wait politely for somebody to unchain the front door.

Meanwhile he was doggedly docile; his huge house, facing the wintry park midway between the squat palaces of the wealthy pioneers and the outer hundreds, remained magnificently empty save for certain afternoon conferences of very solemn men, fellow-directors and associates in business and financial matters—save for the periodical presence of the Mortimers: a mansion immense and shadowy, haunted by relays of yawning, liveried servants, half stupefied under the vast silence of the twilit splendor. He was patient, not only because he was told to be, but also because he had nothing better to do.

"Things are moving all the same," said Mortimer, as he entered the reading-room of the Saddle Club. "Quarrier and Belwether have listened more respectfully to me since they read that column about you and the bishops and that chapel business."

Plank turned his heavy head with a disturbed glance around the room.

"Can't you be careful?" he said; "there was a man here a moment ago." He picked up his unfinished letter, folded and pocketed it, touched an electric bell, and when a servant came, "Take Mr. Mortimer's order," he said, supporting his massive head on his huge hands and resting his elbow on the writing-desk.

"I've got to cut out this morning bracer," said Mortimer, eying the servant with indecision; but he gave his order nevertheless, and later accepted a cigar; and when the servant had returned and again retired, he half emptied his tall glass, refilled it with mineral water, and, settling back in the padded armchair, said: "If I manage this thing as it ought to be managed, you'll go through by April. What do you think of that?"

Plank's phlegmatic features flushed. "I'm more obliged to you than I can say," he began, but Mortimer silenced him with a gesture:

"Don't interrupt. I'm going to put you through the Patroons Club by April. That's thirty yards through the centre; d'ye see, you dunderheaded Dutchman? It's solid gain, and it's our ball."

"I want to say," began Plank, speaking the more slowly because he was deeply in earnest, "that all this you are doing for me is very handsome of you, Mortimer. I'd like to say—to convey to you something of how I feel about the way you and Mrs. Mortimer——"

"Oh, Leila has done it all."

"Mrs. Mortimer is very kind, and you have been so, too. I—I wish there was something—some way to—to——"

"To what?" asked Mortimer so bluntly that Plank flushed up and stammered:

"To be—to do a—to show my gratitude."

"How? You're scarcely in a position to do anything for us," said Mortimer brutally.

"I know it," said Plank, the painful flush deepening.

Mortimer, fussing and growling over his cigar, was nevertheless stealthily intent on the game which had so long absorbed him. His wits, clogged, dulled by excesses, were now aroused to a sort of gross activity through the menace of necessity. At last Plank had given him an opening. He recognized his chance.

"There's one thing," he said deliberately, "that I won't stand for, and that's any vulgar misconception on your part of my friendship for you. Do you follow me?"

"I don't misunderstand it," protested Plank, angry and astonished; "I don't——"

"—As though," continued Mortimer menacingly, "I were one of those needy social tipsters, one of those shabby, pandering touts who——"

"For Heaven's sake, Mortimer, don't talk like that! I had no intention——"

"—One of those contemptible, parasitic leeches," persisted Mortimer, getting redder and hoarser, "who live on men like you. Confound you, Plank, what the devil do you mean by it?"

"Mortimer, are you crazy, to talk to me like that?"

"No, I'm not, but you must be! I've a mind to drop the whole cursed business! I've every inclination to drop it! If you haven't horse sense enough—if you haven't innate delicacy sufficient to keep you from making such a break——"

"I didn't! It wasn't a break, Mortimer. I wouldn't have hurt you——"

"You did hurt me! How can I feel the same again? I never imagined you thought I was that sort of a social mercenary. Why, so little did I dream that you looked on our friendship in that light that I was—on my word of honor!—I was just now on the point of asking you for three or four thousand, to carry me to the month's end."

"Mortimer, you must take it! You are a fool to think I meant anything by saying I wanted to show my gratitude. Look here; be decent and fair with me. I wouldn't offer you an affront—would I?—even if I were a cad. I wouldn't do it now, just when you're getting things into shape for me. I'm not a fool, anyway. This is in deadly earnest, I tell you, Mortimer, and I'm getting angry about it. You've *got* to show your confidence in me; you've got to take what you want from me, as you would from any friend. I resent your failure to do it now, as if you drew a line between me and your intimates. If you're really my friend, show it!"

There was a pause. A curious and unaccustomed sensation had silenced Mortimer, something almost akin to shame. It astonished him a little. He did not quite understand why, in the very moment of success over this stolid, shrewd young man and his thrifty Dutch instincts, he should feel uncomfortable. Were not his services worth something? Had he not earned at least the right to borrow from this rich man who could afford to pay for what was done for him? Why should he feel ashamed? He had not been treacherous; he really liked the fellow. Why shouldn't he take his money?

"See here, old man," said Plank, extending a huge highly-colored hand, "is all square between us now?"

"I think so," muttered Mortimer. But Plank would not relinquish his hand.

"Then tell me how to draw that check! Great Heaven, Mortimer, what is friendship, anyhow, if it doesn't include little matters like this—little misunderstandings like this? I'm the man to be sensitive, not you. You have been very good to me, Mortimer. I could almost wish you in a position where the only thing I possess might square something of my debt to you."

A few minutes later, while he was filling in the check, a dusty youth in riding clothes and spurs came in and found a seat by one of the windows, into which he dropped, and then looked about him for a servant.

"Hello, Fleetwood!" said Mortimer, glancing over his shoulder to see whose spurs were ringing on the polished floor.

Fleetwood saluted amiably with his riding-crop, including Plank, whom he did not know, in a more formal salute.

"Will you join us?" asked Mortimer, taking the check which Plank offered and carelessly pocketing it without even a nod of thanks. "You know Beverly Plank, of course? What! I thought everybody knew Beverly Plank."

Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Plank shook hands and resumed their seats.

"Ripping weather!" observed Fleetwood, replacing his hat and rebuttoning the glove which he had removed to shake hands with Plank. "Lot of jolly people out this morning. I say, Mortimer, do you want that roan hunter of mine you looked over? I mean King Dermid, because Marion Page wants him if you don't. She was out this morning, and she spoke of it again."

Mortimer, lifting a replenished glass, shook his head, and drank thirstily in silence.

"Saw you at Westbury, I think," said Fleetwood politely to Plank, as the two lifted their glasses to one another.

"I hunted there for a day or two," replied Plank modestly. "If it's that big Irish thoroughbred you were riding that you want to sell I'd like a look in, if Miss Page doesn't fancy him."

Fleetwood laughed, and glanced amusedly at Plank over his glass. "It isn't that horse, Mr. Plank. That's Drumcelt, Stephen Siward's famous horse." He interrupted himself to exchange greetings with several men who came into the room rather noisily, their spurs resounding across the oaken floor. One of them, Tom O'Hara, joined the trio, slamming his crop on the desk beside Plank and spreading himself over an armchair, from the seat of which he forcibly removed Mortimer's feet without excuse.

"Hello!" he said. . . . "What? Oh, yes; met Mr. Blank—I mean Mr. Plank—at Shotover, I think. How d'ye do? Had the pleasure of potting your tame pheasants. Rotten sport, you know. What do you do it for, Mr. Blank?"

"What did you come for, if it's rotten sport?" asked Plank so simply that it took O'Hara a moment to realize he had been snubbed.

"I didn't mean to be offensive," he drawled.

"I suppose you can't help it," said Plank very gently; "some people can't, you know." And there was another silence, broken by Mortimer, whose entire bulk was tingling with a mixture of surprise and amusement over his protégé's developing ability to take care of himself. "Did you say that Stephen Siward is in Westbury, Billy?"

"No; he's in town," replied Fleetwood. "I took his horses up to hunt with. He isn't hunting, you know."

"I didn't know. Nobody ever sees him anywhere," said Mortimer. "I guess his mother's death cut him up."

Fleetwood lifted his empty glass and gently shook the ice in it. "That, and—the other business—is enough to cut any man up, isn't it?"

Songs Without Sense

By Wallace Irwin

The Song of the Dancing Dervishes

This is the song that the Dervishes sing
As they whirl, as they skirl in a magic ring,
  As cheek by jowl
  They holler and howl
  And prance and dance and whoop and wail
  Till their lips are pale,
In the land of the mad Mad Mullah,
  As they caper and kick
  Like Haroun el Nick
In the moon of the Blue Abdullah:

"Allah il Allah!
Do-see-do!
Yip! Bismallah
And up we go!
Bang! Bang!

There was a man in Khoordistan,
A very holy Mussulman
  From the mosque of the Great Malecca,
Who had nine wives in his fair harem—
But he left 'em all in a prophet's dream
  And walked on his hands to Mecca.
Kismet bang! but he perspired,
And when his hands grew very tired:
  'I'll rest a while,' he said;
So upside-down he stood, and thrust
His holy turban in the dust
  And slept upon his head.
Boo! boo!
Yip, hurroo!
He was a good Mohammedan,
A very famous Mussulman
  In the faith of the mad Mad Mullah!"
Sing the Dervishes as they whirl and whiz,
As they jip and jog
Through a maniac clog
  In the moon of the Blue Abdullah.

This is the song that the Dervishes shout,
Turning cartwheels in and out,
  While the Slaves of the Sheik
  Bellow and shriek,
  While pilgrims come to the tum-tum-tum
  Of the kettledrum,
As long as the daylight lingers,
  As they throw fierce spasms
  Across the chasms
And whistle upon their fingers:

"Allah il Allah!
Do-see-do!
Yip! Bismallah
And up we go!
Bang! Bang!

In Badahir an old Emir
Balanced a broomstick on his ear
  For three successive winters.
Upon that ear his faith he pinned
Till up there came a desert wind
  And broke the broom to splinters
Kismet bang! but he was sad—
Being the only broom he had
  Its loss he did deplore—
And so to gain his soul's repose
He balanced toothpicks on his nose
  For seven summers more.
Hoo! hoo!
Kalamazoo!
A faithful Moslemite was he,
An ardent, earnest devotee
  To the faith of the mad Mad Mullah!"
Sing the Dervishes as they whirl and whiz,
As they skip and hop
And flip and flop
  In the moon of the Blue Abdullah.

"You mean the action of the Lenox Club?" asked Plank seriously.

"Yes. He's resigned from this club, too, I hear. Somebody told me that he has made a clean sweep of all his clubs. That's foolish. A man may be an ass to join too many clubs, but he's always a fool to resign from any of 'em. You ask the weatherwise what resigning from a club forecasts. It's the first ominous sign in a young man's career."

"What's the second sign?" asked O'Hara with a yawn.

"Squadron talk; and you're full of it," retorted Fleetwood – "'I said to the major,' and 'The captain told the chief trumpeter' – all that sort of thing – and those Porto Rico spurs of yours, and the ewe-necked glyptosaurus you block the bridle-path with every morning. You're an awful nuisance, Tom, if anybody should ask me."

Under cover of a rapid-fire exchange of pleasantries between Fleetwood and O'Hara, Plank turned to Mortimer, hesitating:

"I rather liked Siward when I met him at Shotover," he ventured. "I'm very sorry he's down and out."

"He drinks," shrugged Mortimer, diluting his mineral water with Irish whisky. "He can't let it alone; he's like all the Siwards. I could have told you that the first time I ever saw him. We all told him to cut it out, because he was sure to do some fool thing if he didn't. He's done it, and his clubs have cut him out. It's his own funeral. . . . Well, here's to you!"

"Cut who out?" asked Fleetwood, ignoring O'Hara's parting shot concerning the decadence of the Fleetwood stables and their owner.

"Stephen Siward. I always said that he was sure, sooner or later, to land in the family ditch. He has a right to, of course; the gutter is public property."

"It's a sad thing," said Fleetwood slowly.

After a pause Plank said: "I think so, too. . . . I don't know him very well."

"You may know him better now," said O'Hara.

Plank reddened, and, after a moment: "I should be glad to, if he cares to know me."

"Mortimer doesn't care for him, but he's an awfully good fellow, all the same," said Fleetwood, turning to Plank. "He's been an ass, but who hasn't? I like him tremendously, and I feel very bad over the mess he made of it after that crazy dinner I gave in my room. . . . What? You hadn't heard of it? Why, man, it's the talk of the clubs."

"I suppose that is why I haven't heard," said Plank simply, "my club-life is still in the future."

"Oh!" said Fleetwood with an involuntary stare, surprised, a trifle uncomfortable, yet somehow liking Plank, and not understanding why.

"I'm not in anything, you see; I'm only up for the Patroons and the Lenox," added Plank gravely.

"I see. Certainly. Er—hope you'll make 'em; hope to see you there soon. Er—I see by the papers you've been jollying the clergy, Mr. Plank. Awfully handsome of you, all that chapel business. I say: I've a cousin—er—young architect; Beaux Arts, and all that just over. I'd awfully like to have him given a chance at that competition; invited to try, you see. I don't suppose it could be managed, now ——"

"Would you like to have me ask the bishops?" inquired Plank, naïvely shrewd. And the conversation became very cordial between the two, which Mortimer observed, keeping one ironical eye on Plank, while he continued a desultory discussion with O'Hara concerning a very private dinner which somebody told somebody that somebody had given to Quarrier and the Inter-County Electric people; which, if true, plainly indicated who was financing the Inter-County scheme, and why Amalgamated stock had tumbled again yesterday, and what might be looked for from the Algonquin Trust Company's president.

"Amalgamated Electric doesn't seem to like it a little bit," said O'Hara. "Ferrall, Belwether and Siward are in it up to their necks; and if Quarrier is really the god in the machine, and if he really is doing stunts with Amalgamated Electric, and is also mixing feet with the Inter-County crowd, why, he is virtually paralleling his own road; and why, in the name of common-sense, is he doing that? He'll kill it; that's what he'll do."

"He can afford to kill it," observed Mortimer, punching the electric button and making a significant gesture toward his empty glass as the servant entered; "a man like Quarrier can afford to kill anything."

"Yes; but why kill Amalgamated Electric? Why not merge? Why, it's a crazy thing to do—to parallel your own line!" insisted O'Hara. "That is dirty work. People don't do such things these days. Nobody tears up dollar bills for the pleasure of tearing."

"Nobody knows what Quarrier will do," muttered Mortimer, who had tried hard enough to find out when the first ominous rumors arose concerning Amalgamated, and the first fractional declines left the Street speechless and stupefied.

O'Hara sat frowning and fingering his glass. "As a matter of fact," he said, "a little cold logic shows us that Quarrier isn't in it at all. No sane man would ruin his own enterprise, when there is no need to. His people are openly supporting Amalgamated and hammering Inter-County; and, besides, there's Ferrall in it, and Mrs. Ferrall is Quarrier's cousin; and there's Belwether in it, and Quarrier is engaged to marry Sylvia Landis, who is Belwether's niece. It's a scrap with Hetherington's crowd, and the wheels inside of wheels are like Chinese boxes. Who knows what it means? Only it's plain that Amalgamated is safe, if Quarrier wants it to be. And unless he does he's crazy."

Mortimer puffed stolidly at his cigar until the smoke got into his eyes and inflamed them. He sat for a while, wiping his puffy eyelids with his handkerchief; then squinting sideways at Plank, and seeing him still occupied with Fleetwood, turned bluntly on O'Hara:

"See here: what do you mean by being nasty to Plank?" he growled. "I'm backing him. Do you understand?"

"It is curious," mused O'Hara coolly, "how much of a cad a fairly decent man can be when he's out of temper!"

"You mean Plank or me?" demanded Mortimer, darkening angrily.

"No; I mean myself. I'm not that way usually. I took him for a bounder, and he's caught me with the goods on. I've been thinking that the men who bother with such questions are usually open to suspicion themselves. Watch me do the civil, now. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Wait a moment. Will you be civil enough to do something for him at the Patroons? That will mean something."

"Is he up? Yes, I will;" and, turning in his chair, he said to Plank: "Awfully sorry I acted like a bounder just now, after having accepted your hospitality at the Fells. I did mean to be offensive, and I'm sorry for that, too. Hope you'll overlook it, and be friendly."

Plank's face took on the dark-red hue of embarrassment; he looked questioningly at Mortimer, whose visage remained non-committal, then directly at O'Hara.

"I should be very glad to be friends with you," he said with an ingenuous dignity that surprised Mortimer. It was only the native simplicity of the man, veneered and polished by constant contact with Mrs. Mortimer, and now showing to advantage in the grain. And it gratified Mortimer, because he saw that it was going to make many matters much easier for himself and his protégé.

The tall glasses were filled and drained again before they departed to the cold plunge and dressing-rooms above, whence presently they emerged in street garb to drive downtown and lunch together at the Lenox Club, Plank as Fleetwood's guest.

Mortimer, very heavy and inert after luncheon, wedged himself into a great stuffed armchair by the window, where he alternately nodded over his coffee and wheezed in his breathing, and leered out at Fifth Avenue from half-closed, puffy eyes. And there he was due to sit, sodden and replete, until the fashionable equipages began to flash past.

That afternoon, however, having O'Hara and Fleetwood to give him countenance, he managed to arouse himself long enough to make Plank known personally to several of the governors of the club and to a dozen members, then left him to his fate. Whence, presently, Fleetwood and O'Hara extracted him—fate at that moment being personified by a garrulous old gentleman, one Peter Caithness, who divided with Major Belwether the distinction of being the club bore—and together they piloted him to the billiard-room, where he beat them handily for a dollar a point at everything they suggested.

"You play almost as pretty a game as Stephen Siward used to play," said O'Hara cordially.

"I wish Siward were back here," said Fleetwood thoughtfully, returning his cue to his own rack. "I wonder what he does with himself—where he keeps himself all the while? What is there for a man to do, if he doesn't do anything? He's not going out anywhere since his mother's death; he has no clubs to go to, I understand. What does he do—go to his office and come back, and sit in that shabby old brick house all day and blink at the bum portraits of his bum and distinguished ancestors. Do you know what he does with himself?" to O'Hara.

"I don't even know where he lives," observed O'Hara, resuming his coat. "He's given up his rooms, I understand."

"What? Don't know the old Siward house?"

"Oh! does he live there now? Of course, I forgot about his mother. He had apartments last year, you remember. He gave dinners—corkers they were. I went to one—like that last one you gave."

"I wish I'd never given it," said Fleetwood gloomily. "If I hadn't, he'd be a member here still. . . . *What* do you suppose induced him to take that little cat to the Patroons? Why, man, it wasn't even an undergraduate's trick! It was the act of a lunatic!"

For a while they talked of Siward, and of his unfortunate story and the pity of it; and when the two men ceased:

"Do you know," said Plank mildly, "I don't believe he ever did it."

O'Hara looked up surprised, then shrugged. "Unfortunately he doesn't deny it, you see."

"I heard," said Fleetwood, "that he did deny it; that he said, no matter what his condition was, he couldn't have done it. If he had been sober, the governors would have been bound to take his word of honor. But he couldn't give that, you see. And after they pointed out to him that he had been in no condition to know exactly what he did do, he shut up. . . . And they dropped him; and he's falling yet."

"I don't believe that sort of a man ever would do that sort of thing," repeated Plank obstinately, his Delft-blue eyes partly closing, so that all the Dutch shrewdness and stubbornness in his face disturbed its highly-colored placidity. And he walked away toward the wash-room to cleanse his ponderous pink hands of chalk-dust.

"That's what's the matter with Plank," observed O'Hara to Fleetwood as Plank disappeared. "It isn't that he's a bounder; but he doesn't know things; he doesn't know enough, for instance, to wait until he's a member of a club before he criticises the judgment of its governors. Yet you can't help tolerating the fellow. I think I'll write a letter for him, or put down my name. What do you think?"

"It would be all right," said Fleetwood. "He'll need all the support he can get, with Leroy Mortimer as his sponsor. . . . Wasn't Mortimer rather nasty about Siward though, in his rôle of the alcoholic prophet? Whew!"

"Siward never had any use for Mortimer," observed O'Hara.

"I'll bet you never heard him say so," returned Fleetwood. "You know Stephen Siward's way; he never said anything unpleasant about any man. I wish I didn't either, but I do. So do you. So do most men. . . . I wish Siward were back here. He was a good deal of a man, after all, Tom."

They were unconsciously using the past tense in discussing Siward, as though he were dead, either physically or socially.

"He was always decent about women," mused O'Hara, walking toward the great marble vestibule and buttoning his overcoat.

"He was absurdly decent that way; he was indeed. And now look at the reputation he has! Isn't it funny? *Isn't* it, now?"

"What sort of an effect do you suppose all this business is going to have on Siward?"

"It's had one effect already," replied Fleetwood, as Plank came up, ready for the street. "Ferrall says he looks sick, and Belwether says he's going to the dogs; but that's the sort of thing the Major is likely to say. By the way, wasn't there something between that pretty Landis girl and Siward? Somebody—some gossiping somebody—talked about it somewhere, recently."

"I don't believe that, either," said Plank, in his heavy, measured, passionless voice, as they descended the steps of the white portico and looked around for a cab.

"As for me, I've got to hustle," observed O'Hara, glancing at his watch. "I'm due to shine at a function about five. Are you coming uptown either of you fellows? I'll give you a lift as far as Seventy-second Street, Plank."

"Tell you what we'll do," said Fleetwood impulsively, turning to Plank; "we'll drive downtown, you and I, and we'll look up poor old Siward! Shall we? He's probably all alone in that red brick family tomb! *Shall* we? How about it, Plank?"

O'Hara turned impatiently on his heel with a gesture of adieu, climbed into his electric hansom, and went buzzing away up the avenue.

"I'd like to, but I don't think I know Mr. Siward well enough to do that," said Plank diffidently. He hesitated, coloring up. "He might misunderstand my going with you—as a liberty—which perhaps I might not have ventured on had he been less—less unfortunate."

Again Fleetwood warmed toward the ruddy, ponderous young man beside him. "See here," he said, "you are going as a friend of mine—if you care to look at it that way."

"Thank you," said Plank; "I should be very glad to go in that way."

The Siward house was old only in the comparative Manhattan meaning of the word; for in New York nothing is really very old except the faces of the young men.

Decades ago it had been considered a big house, and it was still so spoken of—a solid, dingy, red brick structure, cubical in proportions, surmounted by heavy chimneys, the depth of its sunken windows hinting of the thickness of wall and foundation. Window-curtains of obsolete pattern, all alike, and all drawn, masked the blank panes. Three massive wistaria vines, the gnarled stems as thick as tree-trunks, crawled upward to the roof, dividing the façade equally, and furnishing some relief to its flatness, otherwise unbroken except by the deep reveals of window and door.

"Cheerful monument," repeated Fleetwood with a sarcastic nod. Then the door was opened by a very old man wearing the black "swallow-tail" clothes and choker of an old-time butler, spotless, quite immaculate, but cut after a fashion no young man remembers.

"Good-evening, Gumble," said Fleetwood, entering, followed on tiptoe by Plank.

"Good-evening, sir." . . . A pause; and in the unsteady voice of age: "Mr. Fleetwood, sir. . . . Mr. —." A bow, and the dim eyes peering up at Plank, who stood fumbling for his cardcase.

Fleetwood dropped both cards on the salver unsteadily extended. The butler ushered them into a dim room on the right.

"How is Mr. Siward?" asked Fleetwood, pausing on the threshold and dropping his voice.

The old man hesitated, looking down, then still looking away from Fleetwood: "Bravely, sir, bravely, Mr. Fleetwood."

"The Siwards were always that," said the young man gently.

"Yes, sir. . . . Thank you. Mr. Stephen—Mr. Siward," he corrected, quaintly, "is indisposed, sir. It was a—a great shock to us all, sir!" He bowed and turned away, holding his salver stiffly; and they heard him muttering under his breath, "Bravely, sir, bravely. A—a great shock, sir! . . . Thank you."

Fleetwood turned to Plank, who stood silent, staring through the fading light at the faded household gods of the house of Siward. The dim light touched the prisms of a crystal chandelier dulled by age, and edged the carved foliations of the marble mantel, above which loomed a tarnished mirror reflecting darkness. Fleetwood rose, drew a window-shade higher, and nodded toward several pictures; and Plank moved slowly from one to another, peering up at the dead Siwards in their crackled varnish.

"This is the real thing," observed Fleetwood cynically, "all this Fourth Avenue antique business: dingy, cumbersome, depressing."

"I like it," said Plank, under his breath.

The butler returned presently, saying that Mr. Siward was at home and would receive them in the library above, as he was not yet able to pass up and down stairs.

"I didn't know he was as ill as that," muttered Fleetwood as he and Plank followed the old man up the creaking stairway. But Gumble, the butler, said nothing in reply.

Siward was sitting in an armchair by the window, one leg extended, his left foot stiffly encased in bandages.

"Why, Stephen!" exclaimed Fleetwood, hastening forward, "I didn't know you were laid up like this!"

Siward offered his hand inquiringly; then his eyes turned toward Plank, who stood behind Fleetwood; and, slowly disengaging his hand from Fleetwood's sympathetic grip, he offered it to Plank.

"It is very kind of you," he said. "Gumble, Mr. Fleetwood prefers rye, for some inscrutable reason. Mr. Plank?" His smile was a question.

"If you don't mind," said Plank, "I should like to have some tea—that is, if "

"Tea, Gumble, for two. We'll tipple in company, Mr. Plank," he added; "and the cigars are at your elbow, Billy," with another smile at Fleetwood.

"Now," said the latter, after he had lighted his cigar, "what is the matter, Stephen?"

Siward glanced at his stiffly extended foot. "Nothing much." He reddened faintly, "I slipped. It's only a twisted ankle."

For a moment or two the answer satisfied Fleetwood; then a sudden, curious flash of suspicion came into his eyes; he glanced sharply at Siward, who lowered his eyes, while the red tint in his hollow cheeks deepened.

"Why did you drop the Saddle Club, Stephen?" Fleetwood demanded.

"I'm not riding; I have no use for it," replied Siward.

"You've cut out the Proscenium Club, too, and the Owl's Head, and the Trophy. It's a shame, Stephen."

"I'm tired of clubs."

"Don't talk that way"

"Very well, I won't," said Siward, smiling. "Tell me what is happening—out there," he made a gesture toward the window; "all the gossip the newspapers miss. I've talked Doctor Grisby to death; I've talked Gumble to death. I've read myself stupid. What's going on, Billy?"

So Fleetwood sketched for him a gay cartoon of events, caricaturing various episodes in the social kaleidoscope which might interest him.

"How soon will you be out?" he inquired at last.

"A Man May be an Ass to Join Too Many Clubs, but He's Always a Fool to Resign from Any of 'em"

"Out? I don't know. I shall try to drive to the office to-morrow."

"Why the deuce did you resign from all your clubs? How can I see you if I don't come here?" began Fleetwood impatiently. "I know, of course, that you're not going anywhere, but a man always goes to his club. You don't look well, Stephen. You are too much alone."

Siward did not answer. His face and body had certainly grown thinner since Fleetwood had last seen him. Plank, too, had been shocked at the change in him—the dark, hard lines under the eyes; the pallor, the curious immobility of the man, save for his fingers, which were always restless, now moving in search of some small object to worry and turn over and over, now nervously settling into a grasp on the arm of his chair.

"How is Amalgamated Electric?" asked Fleetwood abruptly.

"I think it's all right. Want to buy some?" replied Siward, smiling.

Plank stirred in his chair ponderously. "Somebody is kicking it to pieces," he said.

"Somebody is trying to," smiled Siward.

"Hetherington," nodded Fleetwood. Siward nodded back. Plank was silent.

"Of course," continued Fleetwood tentatively, "you people need not worry, with Howard Quarrier back of you."

Nobody said anything for a while. Presently Siward's restless hands, moving in search of something, encountered a pencil lying on the table beside him, and he picked it up and began drawing initials and scrolls on the margin of a newspaper; and all the scrolls framed initials, and all the initials were the same, twining and twisting into endless variations of the letters S. L.

"Yes, I must go to the office to-morrow," he repeated absently. "I am better—in fact I am quite well except for this sprain." He looked down at his bandaged foot, then his pencil moved listlessly again, continuing the endless variations on the two letters. It was plain that he was tired.

Fleetwood rose and made his adieux almost affectionately. Plank moved forward on tiptoe, bulky and noiseless; and Siward held out his hand, saying something amiably formal.

"Would you like to have me come again?" asked Plank, red with embarrassment, yet so naïvely that at first Siward found no words to answer him; then—

"Would you care to come, Mr. Plank?"

"Yes"

Perhaps Plank had changed, perhaps Siward had; for he found nothing offensive in the bulky young man now—nothing particularly attractive either, except for a certain simplicity, a certain direct candor in the heavy blue eyes which met his squarely.

"Come in for a cigar when you have a few moments idle," said Siward slowly.

"It will give me great pleasure," said Plank, bowing.

And that was all. He followed Fleetwood down the stairs; Wands held their coats, and bowed them out into the falling shadows of the winter twilight.

Siward, sitting beside his window, watched them enter their hansom and drive away up the avenue. A dull flush had settled over his cheeks; the aroma of spirits hung in the air, and he looked across the room at the decanter. Presently he drank some of his tea and pushed the cup from him.

The clatter of the cup brought the old butler, who toddled hither and thither, removing trays, pulling chairs into place, fussing and pottering about, until a maid came in noiselessly, bearing a lamp. She pulled down the shades, drew the sad-colored curtains, went to the mantelpiece and peered at the clock, then brought a wine-glass and a spoon to Siward, and measured the dose in silence. He swallowed it, shrugged, permitted her to change the position of his chair and footstool, and nodded thanks and dismissal.

"Gumble, are you there?" he asked carelessly.

The butler entered from the hallway. "Yes, sir."

"You may leave that decanter."

(Continued on Page 22)

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Making the Ghosts Walk

FROM the South, and in the dominant wing of the Democratic party, one hears little nowadays about States' rights. But in the North, and among some Republican leaders, a rather keen solicitude for that ancient doctrine appears to be arising. Chairman Tawney, of the House Committee on Appropriations, invites attention to the rapidity with which "Federal policing and Federal supervision of the domestic affairs of the people of the United States is growing," involving an obliteration of the rights of the States. A prominent organ of high finance desires us to pause and reflect upon the consequences of "placing in the hands of a centralized government these new weapons by which a ruthless majority may work its will upon the minority, at the same time taking from the local governments their chief power to protect their own citizens." Recently, also, a number of learned professors of constitutional law have demonstrated that the President, in imposing his will upon Congress, is upsetting the balance of government which was intended by the framers of the Constitution.

It is quite true, as alleged, that the Constitution was adopted in the idea that complete local self-government was essential to the preservation of individual liberty. But it is even truer that an argument that has to go back one hundred and seventeen years to find a sanction is too decrepit to venture outside a classroom. The citizens whom their own States could no longer protect against the will of a ruthless majority, as expressed in recent acts at Washington, are rebate-giving railroad presidents and proprietors of untidy slaughter-houses. The framers of the Constitution deserved so well of posterity that their ghosts should be left in peace. There is a kind of cruel indecency in evoking these helpless spooks, clad in their quaint Colonial fashions, unacquainted with any other mode of locomotion than foot or horse, and making them utter ghostly counsel about present conditions of which they are so ignorant that the poor shades themselves must wanly blush with embarrassment. The laws against fraudulent sportsmanistic enterprises should be extended to protect them.

A Personal Tax Case

THE late Marshall Field was commonly regarded as a business man of the best type. For some years he paid personal-property taxes on a valuation of $2,500,000. Recently the trustees of his estate filed a schedule showing that he held taxable personal property of a value of $17,500,000. Inquiry disclosed that Mr. Field had agreed with the board of assessors to pay on $2,500,000, but had declared that he would change his residence if they raised the assessment. He was the heaviest taxpayer in Chicago, and very likely contributed his fair proportion. The point, however, is that he did not pay what the law said he should, but only what he himself judged to be equitable.

The president of an important civic body, himself an able lawyer, calls attention to these facts and denounces them as "anarchism." This seems too strong a word—especially as leveled at the late merchant. The grotesque absurdities of the personal-property tax were thrust in the faces of the good people of Chicago—as of nearly every other American community—when, year after year, and even decade after decade, as the city waxed mightily in population and wealth, the gross amount of personal property returned for taxation increased hardly at all. Everybody knew it was farcical; but nobody had really the courage to attack a system which was theoretically just, endeared by tradition, and, more particularly, was supposed to make the bloated bondholder contribute his share to the Government. In Mr. Field's city most of the great office buildings are owned and operated by concerns that call themselves "safe-deposit vaults," because a law—passed long ago, when somebody suspected there might be a need of it—forbids the formation of corporations to handle real estate. There is not much point in blaming Field or the assessors. If the law does not conform to the facts we must expect to see variations from it—as in this personal tax case—of as much as 600 per cent.

Life as a Gamble

THE celebrated Mr. Canfield, of New York, in a leisure moment caught from other affairs which have been engaging him rather closely of late, has favored a reporter with his philosophy of life—which is, that it is all a gamble. Very many, observing the great part which chance plays in the affairs of men, adopt the same view, and this is especially true among the young. Saith the Preacher: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor yet bread to the wise; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

Which is all true. Yet we have always observed, as a singular circumstance, that the men who insist most that pure chance is the governing factor, and who have had the widest opportunity to observe its operations, are precisely the men who are most careful to limit the operations of chance in their own affairs. The professional gambler preaches chance, yet he always keeps as large a percentage as possible in his own favor. If he grows rich it is because he so arranges the game that sixty per cent. of the chances fall on his side and only forty per cent. against him. Many of the most successful stock and grain brokers, who eloquently invite others to speculate, never speculate themselves—having discovered that it is much better to take a steady, safe commission out of the other men's hazards. Chance is a great element in life; yet it is an odd fact—as the books of Mr. Canfield and of the stockbroker would doubtless show—that whosoever wholly follows it will lose nine times out of ten. Life is a gamble—in which, however, you are practically sure to lose unless you can get a percentage in your favor. The only method of getting this saving percentage which the experience of men has yet proven sound is to apply yourself with industry and intelligence to every favoring opportunity that arises and trust as little as possible to chance. The Preacher saith also, and in almost the same paragraph: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Child Labor in Wall Street

SOME child-labor organization ought to take up the case of the infants of Wall Street—in the light of such occurrences as the recent disappearance of a messenger-boy with $200,000 of negotiable securities. Like most other employers, the men of the Street are no doubt personally well-intentioned and humane. They simply do not pause to reflect upon the real injustice of subjecting the child-mind day after day to the strain of running about with a considerable fraction of the national debt in its custody. The financial district is crowded and bustling. Its many streets are narrow and torturous. Numberless passageways, threading from one thoroughfare to another beneath twenty-story structures, tend to excite thoughts of slipping away. A poor boy trotting across this region with the price of a crack ocean-liner or a foreign principality in his pocket may well be subjected to such tempting imaginings as would quite upset his moral balance.

Children should be given tasks commensurate with their capacity. A boy may be intrusted with the price of a theatre ticket and left to weigh the pleasure of seeing the show against his moral obligation as trustee. But when he can, out of his mere fiduciary small change, buy the whole theatre, the problem is a heavier one than his immature mental machinery should be taxed with. The employers have not given this sufficient reflection. Perhaps they are inclined to be careless because, in the main, if a slip occurs they charge it up to somebody else anyway. But in transmitting parcels of a value exceeding $100,000 they should employ men—unless, of course, they have figured it out that they stand a better show with the boys, in which case they should use pneumatic tubes.

The Court Review Again

ONE of the humorous features of the contest over the railroad rate bill consisted of the railroad contention that it would be monstrously unjust to vest a final authority to fix rates in the Interstate Commerce Commission, composed of Federal appointees who devoted themselves exclusively to the study of railroad affairs and were therefore highly expert in them; but that justice could be obtained only by handing this final authority on to the Federal bench, composed of other appointees who, generally speaking, knew nothing whatever about railroad affairs and could tell the difference between one class of rate and another only after somebody had explained it to them.

The packers, also, when their troubles came up, instantly moved for a broad court-review provision; and probably the courts suffer an unjust imputation thereby. Men who derive profits from public abuses are fond of the courts, not because the courts favor public abuses, but because they are such magnificent devices for delay. They are a kind of temporary sanctuary affording a secure interval of from two to five years between the detection of an abuse and the final judgment. A vigorous and thoroughgoing reformation of court practice—which, as it stands, was created solely by lawyers for the exclusive benefit of their own profession—would probably bring more good to the public at large than any other single political action that could be mentioned. This is pretty generally recognized by the learned and the lay alike. Now and then some bold spirit arises to propose that it be actually undertaken. Then he realizes that it would be subject to court review, and his courage fails before the prospect of almost endless delay.

Where Trust-Busting Fails

ACCORDING to the press dispatches, some gentlemen of Cleveland, engaged in the ice trade, have taken pains to point out in a very cogent manner one of the salient defects in the popular campaign for the suppression of combinations in restraint of trade. Ohio, like all advanced Commonwealths, is amply provided with anti-trust laws, and the gentlemen referred to have been indicted for operating an ice trust. One of them is quoted: "This indictment may raise the price of ice. If it costs us much to get out, we'll have to get the money back some place." Another observes: "As long as they heap up expenses on us, increases in price are apt to continue."

There is the difficulty. Individuals may be fined, or particular corporations solemnly ordered to go into dissolution; but the combination itself, the actual restraint of trade (which here means restraint of competition), is never destroyed. It practically always persists—with a large bill of expenses which the consumer must pay.

Crime and Punishment

TWO vice-presidents of the Mutual Life have been indicted—about a year and a half after the life insurance disclosures began. Meanwhile, a court has held that Mr. Perkins was not criminally liable for his part in contributing funds of New York Life policy-holders to the Republican campaign. Some railroad and other corporations have been found guilty of violating the law against rebates and have suffered the imposition of fines which, perhaps, amounted to ten per cent. of the illicit rebates. Large numbers of pickpockets and burglars whose actual depredations were humorously trivial in comparison with the vast peculations involved in the life insurance and rebate grafts have been sent to the penitentiary.

Of course, this is not the fault of the courts, nor necessarily of the public prosecutors. The law has not yet recognized certain opportunities for crime which arise under the modern system. Fining a great railroad corporation $20,000 is about as effective as making a face at the wind; yet that seems to be about as far as the law can go in punishing a crime which may easily entail more injury than a thousand burglaries. We have often wondered what would be the result if a corporation should be formed for the practice of housebreaking and its second vice-president, in charge of the jimmy department, were haled into court. Could he plead that he had no personal knowledge of the particular housebreaking in question? Legally we live a good deal in the clothes of the last generation or the last century. Often they do not fit.

The Balance of Trade

THE foreign trade of the United States, for the fiscal year just ended, was of record-breaking proportions, and the balance in our favor very large. One hears little jubilation over that fact; yet only a few years ago a favorable balance of trade was commonly believed to be the foundation-stone of national prosperity. Within a half-dozen years a really great business man said: "It is only what we sell abroad and get money for that makes the country rich; what we trade around and consume among ourselves adds nothing to the store." No doubt he had read that in some book on political economy and believed it. The political economists themselves used to believe it, until one of them, applying the law to himself, sold his clothes for cash, thereby establishing a large balance of trade in his favor, but, unfortunately, contracting a cold that laid him up for weeks. Then it began to dawn upon him that if the balance of trade theory were sound all we needed to do to get exceedingly rich was to sell everything we had abroad and so secure an enormous stock of foreign bills of exchange, which we might patch together into clothing and even, under the new breakfast-food dispensation, learn to eat. Every young man ought to study political economy, for it now and then lets him into some valuable industrial history. But he should bear in mind that most of its theoretical conclusions are wrong.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Senate's Robinson Crusoe

WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK, Senator from Montana, has an income of $36,000 a day. That is a mere bagatelle of thirteen millions a year, and then some And he has less fun than any man on earth.

Clark is the richest man in the Senate. Indeed, he is one of the richest men in the world. It is quite likely that he has more ready money than John D. Rockefeller—cash on hand—although he is not so rich as Rockefeller by a great many millions. He built a railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles recently and he paid for it in cash, mile by mile. Nobody else in this country or any other ever did a thing like that.

He has announced that he will not be a candidate for reelection to the Senate. That is not surprising. With all his money he is a zero in the Senate. He is out of place. Everybody looks on him as a man who came to the Senate because he is rich—which is more or less true; and he is given grinding illustrations of the fact, known to all those who know the Senate, that the dollar gets nowhere in the upper house of Congress unless it is coupled with some legislative ability. There are rich men in the Senate, plenty of them; but those Senators who are Senators because they are rich, and for no other reason, are pathetic figures in the greatest deliberative body in the world. Notwithstanding the various gentlemen who are decrying the Senate, there never was and never will be a success there not backed with brains.

Nor must it be thought that Clark has no brains. Far from it. He has as fine a commercial mind as ever discovered how to make two or a dozen dollars grow where one grew before. Still, the commercial mind and the legislative or the legal mind have different convolutions and get at things in different ways. Clark knows all about how to develop a copper mine, but when it comes to a bit of constructive statesmanship a dozen men in the Senate who are worrying along on their $96.15 a week make him look like an abandoned claim.

Representative Littlefield, of Maine

It would seem that a man who is worth a few hundred millions might afford a few friends. Clark, apparently, has none. He is as solitary as Pike's Peak. He is as lonesome as Robinson Crusoe. To be sure, he is surrounded by a lot of secretaries, but they are secretaries and get no further. Beyond that, there is nothing. Everybody says "Howdy-do?" to him, but nobody says, "Clark, old man, I'm glad to see you."

He tries to be congenial, at that. Occasionally he gives a dinner and invites as many as will come. They go and look him over and eat his food and drink his wine and come away. Nobody pays the slightest attention to him in the Senate. He works hard, too, attending committee meetings and keeping up with his correspondence. Once in a session he makes a speech, usually on some mining or land topic. He reads from manuscript, with amazing crescendo and diminuendo effects, and his own papers in Butte and Salt Lake tell of the great forensic effort of the distinguished statesman, and not another paper in the wide, wide world carries a line of it.

Clark wanted to be a good Senator. He had ambitions to serve his country and he tried faithfully. He couldn't do it. In the first place he was not cut out for senatorial success, and in the second he came in with the handicap of mere money. The Senate has respect for money too much, some people say—but it requires the right kind of a man to be hitched to the money. Clark is great in his way, but he is not a Senator, and he knows it now.

He has four dissipations: his whiskers, his house in New York, his pictures, and work. Two of these are the direct outcome of his money. By means of the third he got the money, and he could have the whiskers if he didn't have a cent. Such is the prodigality of Nature. The whiskers are

William A. Clark, Senator from Montana

red and bushy, and show evidences of careful attention. They are always immaculate, combed just so and carefully barbered and pomaded. He runs to hair, for that on his head is as bushy as that on his chin and as exquisitely tended. He is sixty-five years old, but, so far as hair and whiskers go, he looks like the graduate in osteopathy just out of school and figuring on a place to settle down.

He buys pictures because he has money. He buys good pictures because he can afford them. They are a fad with him. He talks about art as if he invented perspective. He is wont to mourn because art is being commercialized, but when there is anything choice to be had, he promptly commercializes art to such an extent that nobody else can get within hailing distance of what he wants. He will have a great collection of old and present-day masters when he gets his art gallery finished, and he will have a lovely time looking at them all by himself.

His house in New York is his passion. He started out to have the finest residence on the continent. He has been building it for years and will be years more at it. The outside of it is covered with bronze gimcracks and with statues of various kinds, and on one corner there is a tower that looks like a church-steeple that has run against the demoralizing influences of the world, the flesh and the devil.

Clark works all the time. Night after night he goes into the telegraph offices in Washington and writes messages for an hour at a time, sitting there, often, as late as midnight. When he is at his desk he is laboring incessantly over papers. A man came across on a private car from Butte with him once. Clark was working over papers.

"Mr. Clark," said this man, "why do you work so hard? Why don't you have some fun?"

"I can't let go," sighed Clark. "If I stopped now they would say I had broken down. I must keep on."

He is close with his money. He is never seen with anybody. He drives his employees to their utmost. Nervous, wiry, he seems to be as active and vigorous now as he was twenty years ago.

Clark tries to be a good fellow. When he has a dinner party he sings to his guests. He has a shrill tenor voice that has been cultivated, and a stock of opera gestures. He gets up on a chair and sings "Home, Sweet Home."

There is this to be said of him: he is a producer. He bought in and developed mines; he built railroads; he opened country. What he has he took out of the ground. That is more than most men who have approximately as much money as he has can say. And, with his industry and his application and his faculty for making money, he would have been rich even if he had not gone into mining.

"Age First"

WHEN the consuls of the United States, Germany and England were performing their joint duties in Samoa, William Chambers, the American consul, put up the flags of the three countries over the door of the room where they deliberated. Naturally, he put the American flag in the middle and above the other two.

Cusick Smith, the English consul, came along and saw the arrangement of the flags. He protested vehemently. Chambers told him to go hang and said the American flag would stay where it was. There was an immediate meeting of Smith and the German consul. These two passed resolutions and threatened to make the affair one of international importance.

"Why should the English flag go above the American?" asked Chambers.

"Because it is the older," said Cusick Smith, "if for no other reason."

"I don't believe it," asserted Chambers.

There was a frightful row. Foreign offices became excited over it and things looked dark for the tripartite agreement. Then some bright American pointed out that the Irish harp on the British flag was not put there until after the Act of Union in 1804, and that the complete American flag was the older. That vindicated Chambers.

No Chance at All

WHEN M. G. Scheitlin, now the "feature" man on the Chicago Record-Herald, was working as a reporter in St. Louis, he was sent one night to get the story of the suicide of a Polish girl.

Scheitlin found the house filled with neighbors, who were holding a hilarious wake. The master of ceremonies was the girl's brother. He seemed rather proud of the distinction brought on his house by his sister's act. The brother welcomed the reporter effusively and told him the details. Then he said: "Wouldn't you like to see her?"

The reporter said he would, and the brother elbowed his way through the crowded room, shouting: "Stand back! Make way for the reporter!" The response to his command was not so prompt as he would have liked, and the brother said angrily: "Stand back, I tell you! Make room! You ain't giving the corpse a chance to breathe."

Brevetted for Bravery

EVERYBODY calls Alfred J. Stofer, a well-known Washington character, "Major" Stofer.

"Where did you get your title, Stofer?" Representative Littlefield, of Maine, once asked him.

"Earned it, suh," Stofer replied, "killin' Yankees in the war."

"But, Stofer, you were not old enough to be a soldier."

"Who said I was a soldier, suh; who said I was a soldier? I was livin' in my native village of Culpeper, Virginia, suh, in those tryin' times, and it was there I won glory for the sainted Confederate cause and myself by killin' Yankees."

"But how did you kill them?"

"Killed them by indigestion, suh, by indigestion. I sold em apple pies and killed 'em by scores."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Hale, of Maine, is one of the most dignified and austere of the statesmen, but when he was in the House they called him "Bub" Hale.

¶ Julius Kahn, the Representative from San Francisco, was an actor for ten years. He was a tragedian and played with Booth, Barrett and Salvini.

¶ Augustus Octavius Bacon, of Georgia, and Julius Cæsar Burrows, of Michigan, are the only Senators whose parents loaded them down with classical names.

¶ D. M. Ransdell, sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, lost his right arm at the battle of Resaca, but he can shake hands with any two-handed Indiana politician and then have something to spare.

Sergeant-at-Arms Ransdell, of the Senate

LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

One of the Newcomers

THERE is just now quite as much curiosity about Ernest Poole as there usually is about promising newcomers in the magazines, and a dozen wild stories are current regarding his schooling and experience. Here, however, are the facts:

Poole graduated from Princeton in 1902. I meant to write as a profession," he confesses in a recent letter, "and picked out the tenements simply because I had heard that life there was more dramatic and gave better material for writing. I went to the University settlement. I first spent three months for the Child Labor Committee, writing on the newsboys. I talked with hundreds of them, ate with them, lived with them. I felt then the tremendous Power of the Street, and what little chance the tenement mother has with her boy against it. I saw that the reform laws which the Child Labor Committee was passing would not have much success, and this doubt has been borne out by the results.

"Then I went on the Committee for the Prevention of Tuberculosis; picked out the worst block in the city, where have occurred over five hundred deaths from consumption in the last few years. I gave it the nickname 'The Lung Block.' I spent two months there illustrating by human stories the terrible facts which the scientists and doctors had already proved. I wrote for the Committee a pamphlet which was sent to the ten thousand richest people in New York. It was also published in every newspaper in the city. Three newspapers gave three editorials each. There was a fight to tear down 'The Lung Block' and make a park of it. But political influence stepped in and all was stopped. There are now seventy thousand cases of consumption in New York.

"Later I spent two months in the sweatshops, then two months on the North River docks with the forty thousand dockers, and still later I went as a correspondent to the meat strike, and lived two months in stockyards. A year ago I was sent to Russia, where I stayed three and a half months. I had gone as a correspondent, but the things I saw there made it simply impossible to keep out of revolutionary work. In fact, many other correspondents were in it. I had a splendid interpreter to help me. Two or three times I was arrested, but only held for a few hours. Finally, however, a more serious affair occurred and my interpreter was only saved from jail by the fact that the chief of police, who searched my luggage, could not read English. We left Russia soon after and went to London with a plan for getting guns. This plan was only one of scores being constantly tried by revolutionists, and, like so many others, failed.

"I came back to America. Having lived with the Slavs—the men of ideas and dreams—I came at once into the country of quick nervous action. My impression was very vivid. This impression I tried to express in my first attempt at a novel—The Voice of the Street."

Ernest Poole, an American Friend of the Russian Revolution—From a Snap-Shot in a Russian Peasant's Cottage

Their Salad Days

IT WAS not so many years ago that a handful of literary apprentices foregathered weekly at a cheap French restaurant on one of New York's side-streets. They had abundant enthusiasm for each other's productions and unbounded faith in their own. But faith without works doesn't make an author's reputation, and publishers were suspected of a secret compact, so unanimous were they in their disinclination to issue the works of these immortals. On one occasion, heartened by the different foods included in the fifty-cent table d'hôte, the half-dozen literary novices enthusiastically subscribed five dollars each for the publication of a new magazine. The subscriptions were written in ink upon a table napkin—mine host had few to spare—which was tacked to the wall. The name of the new magazine was Bile—For the Bilious. Of the half-dozen subscribers two have since broken through the publishers' wall of reserve: Henry Wallace Phillips, whose Mr. Scraggs is just now helping to make merry many a vacation, and Rupert Hughes, who is credited with a novel and two plays as his share of this winter's spoils.

Punch with Care

IN SPITE of the fact that he is the editor of Punch, that bulwark of British humor, Owen Seaman, who is probably the cleverest living writer of parody, has a healthy admiration for the Great American Joke. An old friend of his Cambridge days quotes him as saying: "The Gallic wit has become a mere tradition; the Yankee brand has eclipsed it altogether. It is a curious thing, but it is always the active nation, in contrast to the merely thinking one, that produces a great national humor." Mr. Seaman is himself, by the way, an apostle of activity. Although forty-four years old and a member of four clubs—the Savile, Leander, Bath and Queen's—he is still an expert at tennis and an excellent shot. He does not scorn even croquet, and clings to bridge whist in spite of its decline as a merely fashionable fad.

A Vermicelli Cure

ABOUT S. Weir Mitchell the physician there gather as many stories as about S. Weir Mitchell the novelist. This is but one of them.

Last winter Doctor Mitchell sent to Italy for rest and recreation a patient who had for some months been under his care. "And if you feel that you need a physician while abroad," he said, "you had better see Doctor So-and-so in Rome."

The patient—as sufferers from nervous diseases generally do—did feel the need of more doctoring while in Italy and therefore looked up the great So-and-so—the best-known specialist in his line in that country—but neglected to say that she had, while at home, been under Doctor Mitchell's care. Signor So-and-so asked the usual questions, and then, in somewhat broken English, remarked:

"Madame, as an American you had better return to Philadelphia and take the Vermicelli cure."

Being an Italian, the doctor naturally pronounced the "e" as if it were "ch," and the patient—who had heard of water-cures and nut-diets—had a vision of herself consuming long strings of the succulent Roman food.

"But, Doctor," she exclaimed, "why should I go back to America to get the native dish of Italy?"

And it was only then that she learned that "Veir Mitchell" was Italian for "Weir Mitchell."

A House-to-House Author

THE late Professor Shaler, of Harvard, was a notable example of the author who, as Mr. Howells has advised, does not put all his eggs in one basket. His last three books were each issued by a different publisher. First, The Individual was put out by the Appletons; then The Citizen appeared with the imprint of A. S. Barnes & Co., and now Man and the Earth is published by Fox, Duffield & Co., the senior member of which firm is, by the way, the younger brother of John Fox, Jr.

Across the Ocean for Reward

IT IS not with novels as it is supposed to be with plays—a London success doesn't always spell an American triumph. Thus, Sister Carrie, a novel by Theodore Dreiser, an American, was extravagantly praised in England, but in this country hardly noticed at all. Thus, too, May Sinclair's earlier books, published in her native England, had small sale here, and that though the one she liked least—Audrey Craven—was well received by the London critics, who turned the cold shoulder to The Divine Fire until it was "taken up" by Owen Seaman and one or two other men of literary discernment.

Miss Sinclair, by the way, denies the story that it took her seven years to write The Divine Fire, the real time expended being exactly two years and three months, though after starting it she put it aside for five years while engaged on lighter tasks. She has now published a new novel, which, although it possesses all the distinction that belonged to its predecessor, is nevertheless very different from The Divine Fire.

Mr. Loomis Handicapped

NEARLY all authors get many requests for autographs—and nearly all authors pretend to dislike acceding. But Charles Battell Loomis is nothing if not unusual. A short time ago, for example, an admirer of his work got the humorist to pose for a silhouette and, later, sent him the result with a note asking him to "write a few lines under it and return it." Mr. Loomis wrote:

"*My dear Mrs. Blank:*

"When I consider that I posed only five minutes for this silhouette, I am lost in wonder that you should in so short a time have secured a likeness which it took me forty-four years to acquire."

A McCutcheon Summer

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON, with whose drawings the readers of this magazine are familiar, sailed the other day for Europe, to be gone for the entire summer. He intends to spend some time in Paris. Then he will go to Southern France; thence to Constantinople, Odessa and Tiflis. The Caucasus, the Caspian Sea and Merv are on his route, and he expects to journey by caravan into China and a thousand miles into Siberia, from which country he will go East or West—as the mood directs—by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

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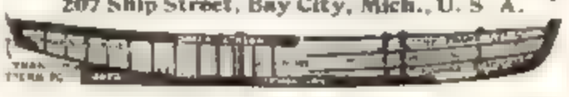

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ODDITIES & NOVELTIES
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

BREEDING THE EIDER DUCK—A MAINE ENDEAVOR TO SAVE A VALUABLE ARCTIC BIRD.

IF THE eider duck can be induced to breed satisfactorily on Old Man's Island (near Machias Bay), which the Audubon Society has leased from the State of Maine for the purpose of propagating and preserving wild birds, the enterprise will prove very interesting and possibly quite profitable. Such an experiment is said to be contemplated, and, although the birds in question belong to Arctic regions, they sometimes build their nests as far south as our own most northerly territory on the Atlantic.

These ducks have been subjected to a sort of semi-domestication along the coast of Norway, where they breed in enormous numbers on certain islands not far from shore. Their output of "down," which is gathered as a regular crop, is taken from the nests, and the people frequently carry the ducklings in baskets to the sea when they are big enough to look out for themselves. It is at this time that the mother-bird escorts her flock to the ocean's brink, and swims away with her little ones.

When the female duck has built her nest of grass and sticks, she plucks from her own breast a quantity of down, which she forms into a sort of mat big enough to fold over the eggs and keep them warm when she is absent for a while. These mats are systematically stolen from the nests, two or three times in succession, the hen bird being finally obliged to make a demand upon the drake for a supply of down. The rule is not to steal a mat in which drake's feathers appear, because, if this is done, the pair will give it up in disgust.

One of these little eider mats is worth about twenty-five cents at first hand. Gathered in the way described, the down is sorted into lots according to quality, cleaned, and put up in small bags, carefully sewn, for export. The best of it fetches five dollars a pound.

Relations having thus been established between this ocean fowl and man, which are profitable on one side at least, the eider duck seems likely to escape the fate of extermination which has overtaken one of its nearest relatives. This was the Labrador duck, which formerly was plentiful in summer along the coast of Labrador and about the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. It bred on rocky islets, where it was safe from foxes and other carnivorous enemies. But "sportsmen" attacked it on its breeding-grounds, destroying it wholesale, and the last known specimen was killed in 1852.

ALL FOR THE FARMERS—THE GOVERNMENT GOES PLANT-HUNTING ABROAD AND THE FARMER GETS THE PROFIT.

MONEY spent by our Government in importing useful plants from foreign and often remote parts of the world seems to have been well invested. It cost $2000 to fetch from China, in 1864, the sorghum, which to-day produces in this country a crop worth $40,000,000 annually. The Kafir corn was introduced at an expense of not more than $5000 for the benefit of the semi-arid Southwest, and is worth to us at the present time $15,000,000 a year.

Macaroni wheat, a comparatively recent importation from Russia, cost us only $10,000, and already puts $10,000,000 annually into the pockets of our farmers. Its cultivation is rapidly extending, and, requiring little water, it is the chief dependence for a crop on 500,000 acres of land which are too dry to grow other and more thirsty wheats.

The Japanese "Kiushu" rice was introduced at an expense of $18,000 a few years ago. It has largely augmented our rice production, and is an important factor in the phenomenal growth of this branch of agricultural industry in Texas and Louisiana. Since its importation the value of land in the coast sections of Texas and Louisiana has risen from $2 to $40 per acre, and the output from 115,000,000 pounds to 650,000,000 pounds. If one-half of this increase is due to the Japanese rice, its annual value to us is $2,000,000.

In summarizing these facts, the forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture will say that the Swedish oats, which cost us $5000, have increased by $1,000,000 annually the value of this kind of crop in Wisconsin alone. The "Chevalier" barley, imported at an expense of only $1000, is now one of the standard varieties in the United States, the yearly output being worth many millions.

The cost of introducing the navel orange from Brazil was next to nothing, budwood from certain "freak" trees, found by chance in the State of Bahia, being sent to the Department of Agriculture by one of our consuls. To-day the value of the crop of oranges produced by trees propagated from this budwood is estimated at $8,000,000 annually.

The cost of all seed and plant introduction and distribution by our Government from 1852 up to the present moment has been about $4,500,000; and the estimated annual value of only a few of the varieties thus imported is far in excess of $100,000,000.

HIGH-ART VENEERS—THERE IS NOTHING CHEAP ABOUT THE BEST AND SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT ALL.

THE day has gone by when veneering was despised as a species of cheap sham. At the present time practically all fine furniture is veneered, hardly any of it being solid. Pianos, tables and car-ceilings are invariably treated in this way. As for cheapness, the best mahogany veneer, one-thirtieth of an inch in thickness, sells for thirty cents a square foot!

It is deemed of utmost importance in the trade to get veneers that have a handsome natural pattern, or "figure," as the technical term is. Accordingly, for the purpose, special value is set upon those parts of the tree where large limbs join the trunk, and likewise it is with the base of the forest monarch where the roots begin to start out. Here, at the tree-bottom, the pattern exposed by the saw cutting crosswise is complicated and beautiful, and such slices are frequently utilized for the tops of costly tables.

Veneering on fine furniture is usually "five-ply"—meaning that there are five thicknesses. For, you see, when wood swells or shrinks, it does so not lengthwise of the grain, but crosswise, and, to prevent such changes, several slices of veneer are superposed, one upon another and at right angles with each other in respect of the grain, mutually holding one another in shape. For this reason wood that is properly veneered is really better than the solid stuff, inasmuch as it is unchangeable.

Veneers are sometimes cut as thin as a fiftieth of an inch, when the material is precious. From those of high value, such as are sawn from mahogany and satinwood, they descend to the wood-slices employed in such great quantities for butter plates, pie dishes, berry boxes, and other receptacles—these being evolved by a process that transforms, with the aid of huge knives, whole logs into continuous ribbons. Hundreds of square miles of forests are being devoured annually to supply these conveniences for transportation and the market.

Not only wood, however, is treated in this fashion. A machine has been invented by which a good-sized elephant's tusk may be converted into a continuous sheet of ivory a dozen feet in length and twenty inches wide. And nowadays even marble is utilized ordinarily in the shape of a veneer, being rarely used in solid blocks, but applied commonly in the form of thin slabs for building purposes, masses of brick or concrete serving as a core. The effect is quite as handsome, and the cost comparatively little.

THE NURSE'S CROWNING GLORY—A PROFESSION IN WHICH CAP AND CASTE GO TOGETHER.

AS DISTINCTIVE (and, one might say, heraldic) emblems of the schools from which the wearers are graduated, the caps of trained nurses afford an interesting study. All of them are pretty, and some of them are most picturesque. One, for example, which is the device of a famous hospital, resembles the ancient Phrygian cap, coquettishly reproduced in dainty starched muslin, while another is copied from the headdress of the peasants of Normandy.

The uniforms of trained nurses differ while they are undergoing instruction, but all of them wear white after graduation, so that the graduates of the various schools can be distinguished only by the caps. So important is this item of attire, professionally speaking, that it is never left off for a moment while indoors. Patients in hospitals have often been known to object vehemently to the entrance of a capless nurse into their room, because to them the cap is the outward and visible sign of knowledge and competence.

This, indeed, is the most important usefulness of the trained nurse's uniform; it inspires confidence in the mind of the patient. Obviously, if she did not know her business thoroughly she would not be allowed to wear a cap. Under the rules, however, the headgear undergoes from time to time certain changes. For the "probationer" it assumes its simplest form; the "pupil nurse" adds to it a white band around the front, and graduates of some of the schools, on becoming full-fledged nurses, exchange the white band for a black one.

Plainness and neatness are always the first essentials in the costume, but there are also regulations which determine with exactness the depth of the hem of skirt or apron, the width of the apron-strap, the size of the bib, and so on.

Whereas in this country trained nurses wear their uniforms indoors only, in Europe they appear in them customarily on the street. But, to cover them, they adopt a cloak and bonnet, the latter being tied with a white bow in front. The bonnet and cloak are patterned after the costume of deaconesses, so that the foreign-trained nurse might easily be mistaken for a person belonging to a religious order.

STAMP-BOOKS BY THE MILLION—ANTI-STICK PORTFOLIOS FOR THE HOT AND STICKY SEASON.

THE production of postage-stamp books has come to be so important a business that a considerable section of the Bureau of Engraving at Washington, employing about fifty hands, is kept busy in the making of them. During the last year, 18,000,000 of them were turned out and distributed to post-offices all over the country, for sale.

For this purpose the stamps are printed in a special way—in sheets with two narrow ribbons of blank paper running through them and a third blank ribbon on one edge. Thus, by means of a great knife, the sheets can be cut, hundreds of them together, into three long strips, each strip with a margin on one edge, to serve for binding in the book.

The books, of course, are specially intended for hot-weather convenience, to prevent the stamps from sticking together. Accordingly, in making them, the operative—all of the hands employed for this kind of work are women—takes first a long strip of thin pasteboard, which is to be the back cover, then a sheet of paraffin paper, next a strip of stamps, again another sheet of paraffin, and so on until the requisite number of stamps are supplied.

The front cover being added, the result is a long book which will be chopped later into ten of the little books such as postmasters sell. Before this is done, however, the long books are glued on one edge, and then stitched to make the binding complete. They are then passed rapidly through a machine with a series of revolving knife-wheels, emerging in their final shape—save only that they have to be counted and put up in packages. So rapidly is the work done that an expert hand thinks nothing of making 2000 of the little stamp-books, each containing twelve stamps, in an hour.

The books contain twelve, twenty-four or forty-eight stamps. Each package of them, as sent out, is marked with the initials of the person who puts them up, and she is responsible for their correctness. Up to date the Bureau of Engraving has distributed to post-offices 60,000,000 of the little stamp-books, and not a single defective one has been returned.

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IN PURSUIT OF PRISCILLA

(Concluded from Page 8)

"You are either very clever or awfully suspicious."

"I'm heart-broken at present. May I drop in to-morrow afternoon?"

"I'll be too busy to see you, Billy. Besides, I want you to call on Lady Maud. You might take her for a ride in your automobile, and then you could dine somewhere, you know. I'm going to run in to see her for a minute in the morning, but I sha'n't have time for more than that."

"Hang Maud! She's at the bottom of all my trouble."

"But you'll take her for a ride, Billy?"

"I'm blest if I will!"

"She's Lord Grimwood's sister."

"I wouldn't take her if she were his grandmother!"

"But she's expecting you."

"She can't be, unless — You didn't tell her I would, Priscilla?"

"I didn't tell her anything," answered Priscilla; "I wrote her you would, though. She'll expect you, Billy, and if you'll be good, just this once, you may come to see me to-morrow evening at ten o'clock—only for a minute, mind."

"I'll do it. You always have your way, Priscilla."

"You're a dear, but you haven't eaten a thing. Everybody is noticing it."

"Nonsense! Nobody eats when they're dining out—it's bad form. Where did you say Maudie was stopping?"

"At the Holland House, Billy."

"And when does your boat sail?"

"Friday, at eleven o'clock. An unlucky day, isn't it?"

"An unlucky day for me. Hamburg-American, Hoboken and Plymouth, I suppose?"

"The Deutschland."

"All right, I'll call on Lady Maud, take her for a ride, buy her the best dinner to be had in New York and make myself useful generally. Will that do?"

"If I hadn't called you a dear a moment ago I'd call you one now, Billy. You ought to send her some roses, though."

"I'll send her a dozen. Just the same, I think it's awfully shabby of you to go to England without me."

"Not another word. Talk to the girl on your right now, or Mrs. Brown will never ask you to dine again."

IX

"THERE, that's a reward of merit," said Priscilla. "It's just ten o'clock, and you're a good boy."

"'Twas worth a thousand-mile journey," I beamed.

"And the Holland House isn't a mile away," replied Priscilla.

"According to that, I owe you nine hundred and ninety-nine kisses," I said. "I'm ready to pay, Priscilla."

"For a mile at a time?" she asked.

"For a mile at a time."

"I'll accept payment for two miles if you'll promise not to be gloomy, and go home when I tell you, Billy. This is our last time together and I want it to be a pleasant one."

"I will promise on one condition."

"A reasonable one, I hope."

"Nothing could be more reasonable. All I ask is that I may call for you in the morning with my new Limousine automobile, and see you safely to the dock at Hoboken."

"You haven't bought a new car, Billy!"

"Haven't I, though! It's a beauty; I'll need a beauty to console me while you're gone, Priscilla."

"So you chose a gasoline one."

"Not gasoline—steam. I'm bound to play with fire, you see."

"You and Nipper will have glorious rides together, Billy."

"Of course I shall never take any one but Nipper."

"You'd better not; I'll haunt you if you do."

"You'll haunt me, anyway. But you haven't consented to my plan, Priscilla."

"I think it would be lovely, Billy—I'm dying to see your new car. The trunks went this afternoon, and Agnes can take care of herself."

"I'll send Jenkins over to look out for Agnes, and we'll take Nipper with us."

"Poor, dear Nipper—I can't bear to part with him!" wailed Priscilla. "But do tell me about Lady Maud. How did you get on together?"

"Maudie is a trump. I took her for a ride, and she loved it; I treated her to a dinner at Sherry's, and she loved it; she loved you, she loved the roses I sent her, she loved me and she loved New York. She loved Nipper, when I described him; she almost fell on my neck when I told her you and I were engaged, and ——"

"You didn't tell her that, Billy!"

"In short, she loved everything she saw, and everybody I mentioned, except Carey Hamilton."

"Good gracious! Does she know Carey?"

"Like a book."

"Where did she meet him?"

"She has never met him, but she has acquired an unaccountable aversion for Carey—queer, isn't it?"

"If I weren't going away to-morrow I'd discipline you, Billy Cartwright."

"You don't mind, really?"

"Oh, but I do! Lady Maud will tell everybody I'm engaged, and a nice time I'll have in England! What's the use of going if I'm to be placarded: 'Hands Off—Engaged'?"

"It's not so bad as that. Maudie promised not to tell."

"It seems to me, for a first call, you made surprising headway, Billy."

"I can't help being engaging. Besides, Maudie liked it."

"Of course she did; all women like to be confided in—I like it myself. Carey Hamilton is the sweetest thing, when it comes to confiding!"

"Has he told you the story of his life?—I hate to think of you're being bored."

"I wasn't bored; it was awfully interesting."

"Mere imagination."

"But Carey has no imagination."

"That's why you were bored."

"Well, supposing he did bore me, Billy; he's awfully good and kind and considerate."

"What an exciting trio of virtues! But let's drop Carey, Priscilla; this is our last night, you know."

"There are lots of nights to come, Billy. Besides, I've dropped Carey; he proposed this morning."

"Serves him right," I said. "Any man who would propose to a girl in the morning deserves to be dropped."

"He did worse than that. He proposed on the sidewalk, in front of the Holland House. I suppose if I'd said yes he'd have embraced me then and there. It was positively insulting, Billy. But of course I was a perfect lady, and told him I appreciated it."

"I hope he didn't make a scene, Priscilla?"

"He wept, Billy—actually wept! And then he tagged along after me for a whole block."

"Still weeping?"

"Still weeping. I never was so ashamed in my life."

"Poor Carey! He's awfully good and kind and considerate!"

"Truly considerate. Let's talk about something else, Billy—something more cheerful."

"Could you stand another proposal?"

"I could from you, Billy. But we're already engaged, you know."

"And Dad didn't give you that ruby?"

"You gave it to me, Billy."

"And you're wearing it?"

"Because I—I'm fond of you, Billy."

"Because you love me, Priscilla."

"Well, then, because I love you. I hope you're satisfied, Billy Cartwright."

"I never was more satisfied in my life."

"I'm glad of that, because I've got to send you home now. Trot along, Billy Boy, while you're happy."

"All right, I'll go. By the way, Priscilla, the sailing time is ten o'clock instead of eleven, so I'll have to come an hour earlier."

"Heavens, Billy! Are you sure?"

"The Steamship Office telephoned to Lady Maud late this afternoon. It's the tide, you know. Nine o'clock is an unholy hour, but it can't be helped, Priscilla."

"I'll be ready, Billy. I'll have breakfast at eight, and say good-by to Dad here at the house. Now run along, dear."

X

"I'VE just said good-by to Dad, so I can't see very well, Billy," said Priscilla.

"Nobody can see well at nine o'clock in the morning," I replied, pretending not to notice the tears in her eyes.

"But it looks perfectly grand, she continued. "It's a regular whale. I do love a big automobile!"

"Lloyd Osbourne calls them Bubbles," I said. "I wonder why!"

"Because they burst so easily, I suppose. Goodness, Billy, there's room in this tonneau for a dozen people! Where's Nipper?"

"Here he is. There won't be any too much room, Priscilla; we're going to pick up Lady Maud, you know."

"Poor Dad!" said Priscilla. "I hate to leave him and Nipper."

"And me?"

"And you, Billy."

"Never mind. We'll not think about that now. All right, Charles."

"The car is perfect, Billy. It runs just like a sewing-machine."

"I'm glad you like it, Priscilla."

"I adore it! I feel better already."

"It will do its little fifty miles an hour without turning a hair. And I bought it for you, Priscilla; I'm going to ship it over on the next boat."

"Billy, you're too sweet for anything! I feel like a little pig, leaving you. I do love you, Billy."

"And I'll send Charles along in case your new Bubble bursts."

"It will cost a heap of money."

"Anybody can be generous with money."

"Billy Cartwright is the soul of generosity. But do look where we are! This isn't Fifth Avenue."

"Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, Priscilla."

"The Holland House is on Fifth Avenue, Billy."

"We'll turn at the next corner," I replied. "There, what did I tell you?"

"But we're crossing Fifth Avenue," Priscilla protested, "and why, he's stopping, Billy!"

"Yes, he's stopping," I admitted.

"In front of a church!" gasped Priscilla.

"The Little Church Around the Corner," I explained; "Lady Maud's inside."

"Inside? Inside what, Billy?"

"Inside the church, of course," I replied. "She's to be one of the witnesses."

"One of the witnesses! Have you gone out of your mind, Billy?"

"I never was more sane in my life. We're to be married."

"We're not!"

"I've got the marriage-license in my pocket," I said. "Come on, dear, we haven't much time to spare; the boat leaves at eleven."

"At ten," corrected Priscilla.

"At eleven," I repeated. "Come, dear, Maudie is waiting for us."

"I can't be married without Dad!" wailed Priscilla.

"He'll be here in a minute," I replied.

"Billy, this is outrageous! I won't be married—so there!"

"You might as well," I said.

"But I haven't any clothes."

"I've oceans of money, Priscilla."

"And my passage is bought and paid for; I've got one of the nicest suites on the boat."

"The very nicest has been reserved for W. P. Cartwright and wife," I returned. "Hurry, dear."

"I won't budge—not a step!"

"Here comes Dad," I said. "Don't disappoint Dad, Priscilla."

"I'll make Dad pay for this!" she declared grimly. "I'm ready now. I'll marry you, Billy Cartwright, but it's only part of my revenge, mind. And I'll never forgive you—never!"

"Of course you won't," I said encouragingly. "Of course you won't."

. . . . . .

"I'm sorry I made such a fuss, Billy," said Priscilla, as she nestled up to me on our way to Hoboken and the boat. "It was awfully nice of Dad to take Lady Maud with him, wasn't it?"

"Only you and me and Nipper," I answered dreamily. "It's too good to be true, Priscilla."

"I do love you, Billy."

"I know you do, Priscilla."

"And, Billy——"

"Yes, dear?"

"—I hope you didn't think I was going to England without you."

"Not for a minute," I replied. "Not for a minute, Priscilla Cartwright."

(THE END)

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PLAYER FOLK

Annie Russell in Bernard Shaw's Play, Major Barbara

Which is Shakespeare?

THIS authentic anecdote is recommended to those who think that it robs the plays of Shakespeare of their dramatic effect to produce them in the manner in which he wrote them to be produced. At one of Mr. Ben Greet's Elizabethan performances of Julius Cæsar, says Miss Annie Russell, a man in the audience was lately seen to fumble his program in great perplexity. In imitation of the Elizabethan play-bill, the *dramatis personæ* was there given without the names of the company.

"I want to find out," remarked the worried spectator, "which of the actors is Shakespeare."

Clyde Fitch as Nature Lover

SOME are born lovers of Nature, and some achieve the love of Nature. Clyde Fitch has had it thrust upon him. The compelling forces have been two: his work and his collection of antiques. A cockney by instinct, he found that his writing required more leisure and quiet than he was able to achieve in New York. He discovered a few acres of land in Greenwich, Connecticut, with a rough shack on the brow of a hill commanding a distant view of the blue and sail-flecked waters of Long Island Sound. His first idea was to use this shack as a week-end study, Quiet Corner, taking with him at most his secretary and his valet to cook their meals.

All his life long, however, he has spent his summers in Europe, and even in his long years of poverty he never came back without some object of curiosity or beauty. One of his stories is of landing on the docks with a steamer trunk and a huge carved beam from the roof of a mediæval banquet hall. After furnishing his town house, in East Fortieth Street, he was obliged to keep quantities of such things in storage. So he decided to build a house on his Greenwich property large enough to contain them. As the work progressed, his ideas grew, and the result is that Quiet Corner is a solid and spacious mansion, with a fountain in front and terraces and parapet overlooking the Sound.

Here the love of the country has grown upon him yearly, until last season his fixed residence was Quiet Corner, and his house in town his occasional abode. Meantime, he has come to regret the smallness of his plot of land and the increasing population of the neighborhood. Lately he bought a much larger tract several miles back from the Sound, in Katonah, Westchester County, New York. Here, on a secluded hillside among the woods, he is planning to build a new house, larger than the first. What began as a quiet corner of refuge from Manhattan is to become a villa in the wilderness. It is not unlikely that he will end by giving up his town house for bachelor apartments, which he threatens to call Noisy Corner.

George Ade's Company in Misery

WHEN The Bad Samaritan was taken off the stage at the end of a week, and Just Out of College met with dubious success, it is well known that George Ade made a wry face over his first draft of the waters of defeat, and quitted the Holland House for a resort on Third Avenue. But when he came back from Europe lately he had recovered his smile. Barrie's two latest plays, Josephine, a satire on Joseph Chamberlain and Balfour, and Punch, a dig at Bernard Shaw, had fallen flat, and Ade had met Barrie only a few days later

"Why, he was like a child," said the American. "At first he sneaked off into the country, and, when he got back to town, he still hung his head like a boy who has been licked. If any one spoke about Josephine he looked under the table. Now, wouldn't you think a man who has had so many big successes would be above that sort of thing?"

King Dodo

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK is as remarkable for modesty and genial shrewdness in private life as he is on the stage. At a dinner at The Strollers the speakers began to whoop it up for the serious drama, and, incidentally, to cast what is sometimes called asparagus upon the public and the managers who care only for musical comedy. One speaker, an artist of great versatility and power, said that he looked forward to the time when actors would be men of education, and not recruited from the ranks of those who begin life by carrying the spear.

With doubtful inspiration, the toastmaster next called upon Mr. Hitchcock. When the creator of King Dodo and Abijah Booze got to his feet he looked a trifle scared. After much hesitation he stammered out that he appreciated the lofty aims of those who had just spoken, and all the more so because he had begun as a clerk in a country store, and when he got to the point of carrying a spear thought that his fortune was made. He said that personally he was glad that he was permitted to live before the millennium of his friends on the other side of the table. Then he became more embarrassed than ever, possibly realizing that he appeared to be answering back. In the middle of a sentence he sat down, abashed, and, of course, he was loudly applauded.

Mr. Hitchcock has now abandoned musical comedy for farce, appearing with his usual success in Richard Harding Davis' The Galloper. At almost every performance the audience calls him out, and his speeches are apparently as impromptu and as embarrassed as at The Strollers' dinner. He usually ends them by sliding behind the proscenium arch in the middle of a sentence. But he gets his audience as surely in the theatre as he did at the dinner. A good education is seldom amiss; but the fact of the matter is that actors, like poets, are born and not made.

The Pretty Sister

NOTHING is harder to foresee than the elements in a play which make for success or failure; but after the first production they are usually as plain as the lettering on a bill-board. The Pretty Sister of José, in which Miss Maude Adams returned to the stage, was written by the author of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and had several scenes which, in advance of the production, may have seemed strongly dramatic; but if it had not been for the personal charm of the actress it is doubtful whether it would have had even the least success. The American public is not in sympathy with the willful and passionate moods of Spanish beauty. One of Miss Adams' friends, who happened to be in the gallery, overheard one boy say to another:

"If I had a pretty sister who cut up like that, do you know what I'd do to *her*! I'd switch her over the legs!"

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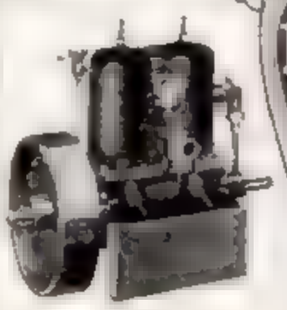

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THE FIGHTING CHANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

But the old servant may have misunderstood, for he only bowed and ambled off downstairs with the decanter.

For a while Siward sat there, eyes fixed, scowling into vacancy; then the old, listless, careworn expression returned.

Lamplight brought out sharply the physical change in him—the angular shadows flat under the cheek-bones, the hard, slightly swollen flesh in the bluish shadows around the eyes. The mark of the master-vice was there; its stamp in the swollen, worn-out hollows; its imprint in the fine lines at the corners of his mouth; its sign manual in the faintest relaxation of the under lip.

For the last of the Siwards had at length stepped into the highway which his doomed forebears had traveled before him.

"Gumble!" he called irritably.

A quavering voice, an unsteady step, and the old man entered again. "Mr. Stephen, sir?"

"Bring that decanter back. Didn't you hear me tell you just now?"

There was a silence.

"Gumble!"

"Sir?"

"Are you going to bring that decanter?"

The old butler bowed, and ambled from the room, and for a long while Siward sat sullenly listening and scoring the edges of a newspaper with his trembling pencil.

Wands came this time, a lank, sandy, silent man, grown gray as a rat in the service of the Siwards. He received his master's orders, and withdrew; and again Siward waited, biting his under lip and tearing bits from the edges of the newspaper with fingers never still; but nobody came with the decanter, and after a while his tense muscles relaxed; something in his very soul seemed to snap, and he sank back in his chair, the hot tears blinding him.

He had got as far as that; the moments of self-pity were becoming almost as frequent as the scorching intervals of self-contempt.

So they all knew what was the matter with him—they all knew—the doctor, the servants, his friends!

He lay very still in his chair; his hearing had become abnormally acute, but he could not make out what they were saying, and as the dull, intestinal aching grew sharper, parching, searing every strained muscle in throat and chest, he struck the table beside him, and clenched his teeth in the fierce rush of agony that swept him from head to foot, crying out an inarticulate menace on his household.

And Doctor Grisby came into the room from the outer shadows of the hall.

He was very small, very meagre, very bald and clean-shaven, with a face like a nutcracker; and the brown wig he wore was atrocious, and curled forward over his colorless ears. He wore steel-rimmed spectacles, each glass divided into two lenses; and he stood on tiptoe to look out through the upper lenses on the world, and always bent almost double to use the lower or reading lenses.

"What's all this racket?" said the little old doctor harshly. "Got colic? Got the toothache? I'm ashamed of you, Stephen, cutting capers and pounding the furniture! Look up! Look at me! Out with your tongue! Well, now, what the devil's the trouble?"

"You—know," muttered Siward, abandoning his wrist to the little man, who seated himself beside him. Doctor Grisby scarcely noted the pulse; the delicate pressure had become a strong caress.

"Know what?" he grunted. "How do I know what's the matter with you? Hey? Now, now, don't try to explain, Steve; don't fly off the handle! All right; grant that I *do* know what's bothering you; I want to see that ankle first. Here, somebody! Light that gas. Why the mischief don't you have the house wired for electricity, Stephen? It's wholesome. Gas isn't. Lamps are worse, sir. Do as I tell you!" And he went on loquaciously, grumbling and muttering, and never ceasing his talk, while Siward, wincing as the dressing was removed, lay back and closed his eyes.

Half an hour later Gumble appeared, to announce dinner.

"I don't want any," said Siward.

"Eat!" said Doctor Grisby harshly.

"I don't care to."

"Eat, I tell you! Do you think I don't mean what I say?"

So he ate his broth and toast, the doctor curtly declining to join him. He ate hurriedly, closing his eyes in aversion. Even the iced tea was flat and distasteful to him.

And at last he lay back, white and unstrung, the momentarily deadened desperation glimmering under his half-closed eyes. And for a long while Doctor Grisby sat, doubled almost in two, cuddling his bony little knees and studying the patterns in the faded carpet.

"I guess you'd better go, Stephen," he said at length.

"Up the river to Mulqueen's?"

"Yes. Let's try it, Steve. You'll be on your feet in two weeks. Then you'd better go—up the river—to Mulqueen's."

"I—I'll go, if you say so. But I can't go now."

"I didn't say go now. I said in two weeks."

"Perhaps."

"Will you give me your word?" demanded the doctor sharply.

"No, Doctor."

"Why not?"

"Because I may have to be here on business. There seems to be some sort of crisis coming which I don't understand."

"There's a crisis right here, Steve, which *I* understand!" snapped Doctor Grisby. "Face it like a man! Face it like a man! You're sick to your bones, boy—sick! sick! Fight the fight, Steve! Fight a good fight. There's a fighting chance, on my soul of honor, there is, Steve, a fighting chance for you! Now! now, boy! Buckle up tight! Tuck up your sword-sleeve! At 'em, Steve! Oh, my boy, my boy, I know; *I* know!" The little man's voice broke, but he steadied it instantly with a snap of his nutcracker jaws, and scowled on his patient and shook his little withered fist at him.

His patient lay very still in the shadow.

"I want you to go," said the doctor harshly, "before your self-control goes. Do you understand? I want you to go before your decision is undermined; before you begin to do devious things, sly things, cheating things, slinking things—anything and everything to get at the thing you crave. I've given you something to fight with, and you won't take it faithfully. I've given you free rein in tobacco and tea and coffee. I've helped you as much as I dare to weather the nights. Now, *you* help *me*—do you hear?"

"Yes; . . . I will."

"You say so; now do it. Do something for yourself. Do anything! If you're sick of reading—and I don't blame you, considering the stuff you read—get people down here to see you; get lots of people. Telephone 'em; you've a telephone there, haven't you? There it is, by your elbow. Use it! Call up people. Talk all the time."

"Yes, I will."

"Good! Now, Steve, we know what's the matter, physically, don't we? Of course we do! Now, then, what's the matter *mentally?*"

"Mentally?" repeated Siward under his breath.

"Yes, mentally. What's the trouble? Stocks? Bonds? Lawsuits? Love?" the slightest pause, and a narrowing of the gimlet eyes behind the lenses. "Love?" he repeated harshly. "Which is it, boy? They're all good to let alone."

"Business," said Siward. But, being a Siward, he was obliged to add "partly."

"Business—*partly*," repeated the doctor. "What's the matter with business—partly?"

"I don't know. There are rumors. Hetherington is pounding us—apparently. That Inter-County crowd is acting ominously, too. There's something underhand, somewhere." He bent his head and fell to plucking at the faded brocade on the arm of his chair, muttering to himself: "Somewhere, somehow, something underhand. I don't know what; I really don't."

"All right—all right," said the doctor testily, "let it go at that! There's treachery, eh? You suspect it? You're sure of it—as reasonably sure as a gentleman can be of something he is not fashioned to understand? That's it, is it? All right, sir—all right! Very well—ver-y well. Now, sir, look at me! Business symptoms admitted, what about the 'partly,' Stephen? What about it, eh? What about it?"

But Siward fell silent again.

"Eh? Did you say something? No? Oh, very well, ver-y well, sir. . . . Perfectly correct, Stephen. You have not earned the right to admit further symptoms. No, sir, you have not earned the right to admit them to anybody, not even to yourself. Nor to—*her!*"

"Doctor!"

"Sir?"

"I have—admitted them."

"To yourself, Steve? I'm sorry. You have no right to—yet. I'm sorry——"

"I have admitted them—admitted them—to *her*."

"That settles it," said the doctor grimly; "that clinches it! That locks you to the wheel! That pledges you. The squabble is on now. It's your honor that's engaged now, not your nerves, not your intestines. It's a good fight—a very good fight, with no chance of losing anything but life. You go up the river to Mulqueen's."

His harsh, dry, crackling laughter broke out like the distant rattle of musketry.

The ghost of a smile glimmered in Siward's haunted eyes, then faded as he leaned forward.

"She has refused me," he said simply.

The little doctor, after an incredulous stare, began chattering with wrath. "Refused *you!* Pah! Pooh! That's nothing! That signifies absolutely nothing! It's meaningless! It's a detail. You get well—do you hear? You go and get well; then try it again! *Then* you'll see!"

And after a long while Siward said: "If I should ever marry—and—and——"

"Had children, eh? Is *that* it? Oh, it *is*, eh? Well, I say, marry! I say, have children! If you're a man you'll breed men. The chances are they may not inherit what you have. It skips some generations—some, now and then. But if they do, I say it's better to be born and have a chance to fight than never to come into the arena at all! By winning out, the world learns; by failure, the world is no less wise. The important thing is birth.

"I'm talking too much," he said fretfully; "I'm talking a great deal—all the time—continually. I've other patients—several—plenty! Do you think you're the only man I know who's trying to disfigure his liver and make spots come out all over inside him? *Do* you?"

Siward smiled again, a worn, pallid smile.

"I can stand it while you are here, Doctor, but when I'm alone it's hard. One of those crises is close now. I've a bad night ahead. Couldn't you——"

"No!"

"Just enough to——"

"No, Stephen."

"—Enough to dull it—just a little? I don't ask for enough to make me sleep—not even to make me doze. You have your needle; haven't you, Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Then, just this once—for the last time."

"I dare not help you any more that way."

There was a dead silence, broken at last by the doctor with a violent gesture toward the telephone. "Talk to the girl! Why don't you talk to the girl! If she's worth a hill o' beans she'll help you to hang on. What's she for, if she isn't for such moments? Tell her you need her voice; tell her you need her faith in you. Hang Central! Talk out in church! Don't make a goddess of a woman. The men who want to marry her, and can't, will do that! The nincompoop can always be counted on to deify the commonplace. And she is commonplace. If she isn't she's no good! Commend me to sanity and the commonplace. I take off my hat to it! I honor it. God bless it! Good-night!"

Siward lay still for a long while after the doctor had gone. More than an hour had passed before he slowly sat up and groped for the telephone-book, opened it, and searched in a blind, hesitating way until he found the number he was looking for.

He had never telephoned to her; he had never written her except once, in reply to her letter in regard to his mother's death—that strange, timid, formal letter, in which, grief-stunned as he was, he saw only the formality, and had answered it more formally still. And that was all that had come of the days and nights by that northern sea—a letter and its answer, and silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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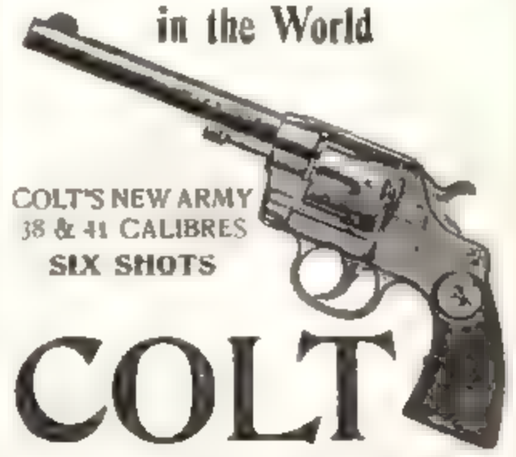

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A SUPREME COURT LEAK

(Concluded from Page 12)

Perhaps the personal demand was of as great weight as the hint of the terrors of the Court. The broker squirmed uneasily in his chair; looked appealingly at the Senator. "Of course, I'm no lawyer," he said, "and you gentlemen are supposed to know all about the law. Still, it seems to me if I've got a valuable trade secret, a kind of pipe line, you might say, that I've worked up myself and that's likely to bring me a lot of money—why, it seems to me it ain't hardly constitutional to make me give it away."

Justice Mortimer gazed at the lintel of the door and passed his hand over his chin. "If such a question should come up in contempt proceedings," he observed, "where the 'pipe line' carried foreknowledge of the Court's decisions, I have no doubt, personally, as to what the opinion of the Court would be."

"You're bright enough to comprehend the situation, Brock, if you'll stop a minute and think it over," the Senator remarked. "You can see that, if this thing of the Street's getting foreknowledge of the Court's decisions keeps up, it will surely involve the Court in a frightful scandal. You can see that the Court is simply bound to protect itself. It simply must protect itself—using every bit of its vast power if necessary. Why, Great Scott, it would summon all Wall Street, it would summon all Congress, it would summon the President himself, if that were necessary to discover and stop a leak which, if not stopped, is sure to lower the prestige of the Court! Why, man, you forget what the Supreme Court of the United States is—the third part of our Government, above Congress, above the President!"

"I know. I know it's all—all-powerful." He saved himself in time from saying "all" something else. "Of course," he added, squirming again, "if you're bound to find out, I suppose you can do it. All the same—by gracious, gentlemen!—it's pretty tough on me!" He glanced dubiously at the Senator. "I suppose it's out of the question asking conditions and so on."

The Senator shook his head; but Justice Pettigrew's conscience pricked him. "I'm bound to say, Mr. Brock, that you cannot be compelled to give testimony which incriminates yourself," he said.

"Well, that wouldn't help me none,' said the broker unhappily. "I just want to put it before you fairly and squarely, as man to man. The house sent me here to take charge of this office, on salary and commission. Of course, they expected me to make good. Do you see? Expected me to work up a good local trade here, and at the same time to do something by way of givin' 'em a straight steer on important things that were going to happen here. Next to New York, you know, Washington is the most important city in the country—that is, more things that send stocks up or down happen here."

Justice Mortimer was watching; but he could not see the slightest trace of sarcasm in this view of the importance of the national capital.

"Now the things that Congress is going to do are pretty easy," said the broker. "The newspaper boys 'most always have a good line on that. Then, they develop slow, you know, so there's plenty of time to hedge. The President you have to guess at a good deal; but it ain't very hard guessing, for 'most everything he does sends stocks down. But here's the Supreme Court—the lollapaloozer of the whole bunch! What you gentlemen do comes biff, bang!—right hot out of the box, don't you see? And in a lot of the big cases it affects stocks like the mischief. Why, that Pipe Lines decision knocked off Pipe Lines common eighteen points in a day! Don't you see? There's the run for your money! There's where you get action? Why, gentlemen, for my business I'd rather have a right line on your work than to own the whole House of Representatives and half the Senate!"

It appeared that he meant this in a complimentary way; but no modest blushes suffused the judicial cheeks.

"So when I came here I sat down to study the Supreme Court," he continued. "Of course, I don't claim that I've got a dead cinch on it. I may slip up, I suppose, any time. But out of four times that I've tried, I've sent out the right tip three times, and old man Wells says being right two times out of three is a plenty. He appreciates the work I've done here, gentlemen—and I really feel that in helping the Court out of this hole I'm making a big personal sacrifice. Maybe," he added modestly, "it ain't everybody that would do it. And so, I think you ought to do all you can to protect me."

Justice Pettigrew softly cleared his throat. The representatives of the Court were very red in the face.

"Go ahead," the Senator prompted, as the broker palpably struggled with his reluctance to proceed.

"Well," said Brock, "the big cases, from our point of view, are all Government cases—cases, you understand, where the Government brings suit to bust something or other. I noticed right away that in those cases four justices usually decided one way, and five decided the other way, which went. So it looked like what you might call a gamble, and with a gamble all you need is a hunch. Now, I know Justice O'Brien."

In his reluctant absorption he did not see the startled glance which the justices exchanged.

"I know Justice O'Brien," he repeated—"slightly. In fact, I live opposite him. When the old boy is feeling cocky, he walks. Goes off swinging his cane. See? You can tell he's feeling fine. When he has a grouch he uses his carriage." He stopped and again cast an appealing glance at the Senator.

"Justice O'Brien," said Mortimer very gravely, "is deemed one of the most learned and scrupulous members of the Court."

"Oh, sure!" Brock returned, heartily enough, but as though he didn't see what that had to do with it. "He's a Democrat through and through, you know; and he's Irish—very much. It came to me like an inspiration back in that Freight Bureau case. The old boy was walking, chipper as a lark, and I says to myself: 'The decision is against the Government!' And sure enough it was. So when the Pipe Lines decision was due I had my folks watch and telephone me. The justice took a carriage—gloomy. 'Then it's in favor of the Government,' says I. Seaboard case; he walks again. Now, of course, gentlemen," he went on earnestly, "I don't claim a dead cinch. But when it's a gamble, a hunch, you know——" Then he perceived that nothing further was required of him.

That afternoon when Justice Pettigrew entered his brownstone front and was about to address his portly person to the stairs he heard, behind the portières, a small, unsteady voice calling: "Papa!"

Something odd happened to his heart. The voice seemed of long ago—treble, tear-washed, the cry of a sorely wounded child. He went in wonderingly. His daughter took his hand, and he saw at once where the tears had come from. A pale, abjectly miserable young man arose when he stepped into the room.

Wondering, the Justice sat down, and Betty told him the story—quite steadily; only stopping now and then to bite her trembling lip, and twisting her slim fingers together.

"It was wrong, Betty, of course," he was saying presently, as he stroked her bowed head; "but I can understand the impulse on which you acted. It's worth while that you could come and tell your father. As it happened, no harm came of what you did. We have located the leak in quite another quarter. In fact, there wasn't any leak really; only a gambler happened to guess right. You will be more careful hereafter, daughter; so let it pass."

After a moment's hesitation, he added: "It only chanced, after all, that you were right about the decision. What I wrote Friday was meant to be merely a minority opinion; but Mortimer changed his mind Saturday."

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The influence of the war song during the Civil War can hardly be overestimated. To every veteran there are songs which have been hallowed by association; songs which recall the campfire, the battlefield, departed comrades, and days of languishing in rebel prisons. How many times has the war song given courage to "rally 'round the flag" when the day seemed all but lost. How often has the thought of freedom "beneath the starry flag" given hope to the long weary days of inactivity and suffering.

This collection contains forty-nine songs, seventeen of which are appropriate for Memorial services. There are seven songs of the Nation, four songs of the Flag, five songs of Patriotism, thirteen songs of the camp, fourteen songs of home and sentiment, and eight songs of battle.

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The Quest of the Colonial

(Concluded from Page 9)

"No, suh; gran'ma's a pow'ful han' at makin' pickles; they ain't nobody makes 'em as green!" she said proudly. "An' she greens 'em by keepin' the can'lestick in among 'em, suh!"

Delaware, it would almost seem, is too small a State to consider very specially; but it is temptingly easy of access from some of the large cities, and the very smallness has preserved it from too close an examination by collectors.

Not every one, however, can hope to be so fortunate there as a friend, a Western man, who went into Delaware distinctly on a search for the old, and picked up a set of eight Sheraton chairs, two of them arm-chairs, for a dollar and a quarter each!

This friend, a professional man in active practice in a Western city, has an admirable method of procedure. He takes a trip every year or so into some old-furniture region, carefully choosing the most promising place. Some little time before he goes he has a newspaper of that neighborhood, usually the principal newspaper of a county seat, insert a notice that he wishes to purchase an old table, a chest of drawers, a sideboard, or whatever he most desires. Answers to his advertisement are to be addressed to his initials, in care of the newspaper, so that those who reply will have no idea that he is a man out of the West, for that would materially increase the prices, human nature being what it is.

He goes to the town; he inquires for his letters at the newspaper office. The editor is almost always glad to gossip with him about furniture in the vicinity, feeling that he has been taken into his confidence. He goes to see those whose answers promise well; and, with all this as a foundation, he is likely to find precisely what he is looking for.

Throughout much of the South it is possible to pursue a line of collecting which admirably supplements that of old furniture; in a broad sense, it is really furniture.

In many a little village, and in many an isolated mountain home, the old-time art of making patchwork coverlets is remembered and practiced. Some may be found that are generations old; others are new, but made in precisely the old-time way, and after the same patterns.

At a little inn at King's Mountain, not far from the famous battlefield, the bed of state had upon it precisely nineteen coverlets! There was no thought that any mortal could or would sleep beneath such a padded mountain. But it was the most natural method of display, and an admirable talent and an admirable display it was. Each quilt had its name. There were the Western Star, the Rose of the Carolinas, the Log Cabin, the Virginia Gentleman, the Fruit Basket, the Lily of the Valley—in short, there were just as many special names as there were designs.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh in a series of papers of instruction and advice, by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton, written out of their own experience in the quest of old-time furniture.

THE SENATE

(Concluded from Page 4)

suspicious that each new law is the device of some legislative adventurer to disturb its calm and repose.

"The trouble about the President is," said a venerable public man who was much troubled by being compelled to give attention to the mighty problems which our young President has insistently thrust upon the attention of Congress and the Nation—"The trouble about the President is that he is always in a state of mind. He is brave and honest, and, I am willing to admit, able, and is at one with the people; but he always is in a state of mind!"

The whole point was that the clear trumpet-voice of the Nation's Chief Executive calling the servants of the people to the new tasks, which, for the people's good, it is their duty now to perform—the commanding voice of Roosevelt proclaiming duty to be discharged and *work to be done*—irritated the frayed nerves and weary brain of the tired man who uttered this criticism. And so, although the House would injure the people by its impetuous and almost frightened desire to serve them, the Senate, on the other hand, might possibly work too slowly and too cumbrously, were it not for the strident cries of four hundred Congressmen clamoring in its corridors and beating at its doors, demanding action on their bills.

"I have been here thirty years," said one of the keenest men in the Capitol, "and although at one time or another I have thought the House too impulsive, or the Senate too slow, or this President too imperious and that one too weak, these changing conclusions have at last grown into one settled conviction with me—that it is a mighty good thing that the House cannot have its way all of the time, or the Senate have its way all of the time, or the President have his way all of the time. Although striking and historic legislation is only possible during the presidency of some primal man like Roosevelt, whose character, mind and will are so vast and masterful that they attract the attention of the whole world and are not to be denied, yet, after all, we must admit that such legislation is only needed once in a generation; and once in a generation such a man as Roosevelt appears."

"BE DIFFERENT"

OUT of employment, I had answered many advertisements, without even the encouragement of a reply. Then a "want" appeared offering a position which I determined to secure. The address given was a box number in a newspaper office.

I wrote my answer carefully and placed it in a blue envelope, larger and longer than the so-called "foolscap" size. Taking the envelope to the newspaper office, I waited and watched while the clerk placed it in a certain pigeonhole. It was so long that it projected beyond all the many others in the big letter-rack, so that it was visible from any part of the office lobby. I waited around from 9:30 A. M. until after two o'clock, and succeeded in avoiding ejectment as a suspicious character. At 2:15 an office-boy called for the letters from my particular box, and no sleuth trailed a suspect more closely than I followed that youth. He led me to the offices of a well-known concern, and I walked in on the manager just as he was opening my big blue envelope, the first of a large pile destined never to be unsealed. I applied for the vacancy to his amazement, which was increased when I informed him that he held my letter and references in his hand. He said he guessed I would do—and I did.

Some years afterward a careful letter, but principally a large red envelope, secured me a coveted position in a big Eastern city over nearly two hundred other applicants. It must be presumed that I possessed the qualifications for the place. The advertisement appeared in a New York technical paper and offered the position of manager of an important department in a manufacturing house at a fairly large salary. I was employed in a Western city, and did not see the advertisement for over a week after publication. It seemed like waste of time to answer it at so late a date, but I was young and extremely anxious to get East. So I wrote my application and sent it away.

I had a printer make an envelope about three inches wide and eight long, of rough red paper. This I sealed with the coarse blue wax used by express companies, and then addressed it in a heavy marking-brush style. The effect was, of course, striking and bold, but the contents of the letter were sane enough, and I calculated that something was necessary to get a belated attention. The letter finally reached the advertiser, who had already decided on his man, when my somewhat sensational application revived the matter. In it I apologized for my method, explaining my reason, and arguing that, as he was at that moment considering my application, I had in a measure succeeded. I secured the position. —*L. P. A.*

Here's Health and Pleasure For Your Boys and Girls.

AN "Irish Mail" will make and *keep* them well, strong and happy.

It is the only form of exercise for children that perfectly combines well balanced development with the keen sense of enjoyment that turns work into play.

The "Irish Mail," Parents, is *more* than a mere *toy*,—it is a substantial device, built to outlast *all* of the cheaply constructed cars that go to pieces with a little rough usage.

It is the natural method of getting plenty of pure, fresh air into the lungs of your Little Folks.

It builds up the body, reddens the blood, soothes the nerves, and strengthens, without *over stimulating* the heart action.

In a few short weeks it will do more for pale faced, *undeveloped* children than all the medicines, "tonics" and "nostrums" on earth.

And think of the *Fun* they can have!

For you may search the world over and you'll not find anything that will give the youngsters a fraction of the real unadulterated enjoyment that they will get from the "Irish Mail."

* * * *

As you see by the illustration, the "Irish Mail" brings the muscles of the entire body into play.

The little arms, hands, wrists, shoulders, legs, ankles, back and chest are *evenly* and *regularly* developed by the rhythmic "rowing" movement necessary to propel the car.

No possibility of *strain* upon any part, as in the case of the tricycle, which over-exercises the *legs* at the expense of the chest, arms and back.

You see that your youngsters *cannot* be injured by over development in the use of the "Irish Mail," because—

—It is designed and built on scientific principles endorsed by eminent physicians and physical culture authorities.

So, Mothers,—you can trust *this* car implicitly, as it will *never* give you one moment's worry or uneasiness.

* * * *

The Irish Mail is the "Geared" car.

It can therefore, be driven at much greater speed than any other car,—others are mighty tame affairs compared to the Irish Mail!

Yet, it is absolutely *safe*, because built with low wheels, so close to the ground (as you see) that it simply *can't* upset.

Construction is simple and durable—no complex or delicate parts to break or get out of order—the car will last for years with reasonable use.

Axles are of steel with machine turned bearings fitted to insure easy running.

Wood work is of selected hickory, sanded to give it a *smooth* finish, and wheels have extra heavy spokes and hubs.

The Irish Mail is rubber tired, smooth and *noiseless*,—

—A car that can be easily handled by a little "Tot" of 4, or a big boy of 12, without the usual clatter and "racket" so trying to the nerves in the cheap, poorly constructed car.

* * * *

Now, don't forget Little Sister.

Remember that the Irish Mail means just as much to her as it means to Brother.

She needs the fresh air and exercise, and she will get it, too, as she goes whizzing down the block perched up behind the youngster who is proudly steering the double car.

So,—get an Irish Mail for your Boys and Girls, to-day, and start them on the road to health and happiness.

Their bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and vigorous, well developed bodies will be your best reward.

Accept no substitute. Be sure to *insist* on getting the genuine "Irish Mail." It is stronger, better, safer, and speedier than any other child's car, offered for sale anywhere.

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Last September forty-one young people entered the foremost colleges and conservatories in the country for educational courses, the expenses of which were defrayed by the publishers of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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